

The youth in his converted  
state. *Psalm 136.*



110

1578/4303



*War with the Devil :*  
OR THE  
Young Man's  
**CONFLICT**  
WITH THE  
Powers of Darknels.

In a Dialogue.

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth. The Horrible Nature of Sin, and deplorable Condition of Fallen Man,

Also, a Discription, Power, and Rule of Conscience, and the Nature of true Conversion.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an Old *Apostate* and a young *Professor*. Worthy the Perusal of all, but chiefly intended for the Instruction of the Younger sort.

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The Thirteenth Impression.

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By B. Keach, Author of *Sion in Distress*. or the *Growth* of the Protestant Church.

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*Psalm 119. v. 9 Wherewith shall a Young Man cleanse his way by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

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Entred according to Law.

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LONDON, Printed and Sold by B. Harris, at the Boar's-head in Grace-church-street.

To the Reader in Vindication of this Book.

ONE or two Lines to thee, I'll here commend,  
This honest POEM briefly to defend,  
From Calumny, because that at this Day,  
All Poetry there's many do gainſay.  
And very much condemn as if the ſame,  
Did worthily deſerve Reproach and Blame:  
If any Book in Verſe they chance to ſpy,  
Away Prophane, they preſently do cry:  
But tho this kind of Writing ſome diſpraiſe,  
Since Men ſo captious are in theſe our Days,  
Yet I dare ſay howe'er this Scruple roſe,  
Verſe has expreſ'd as Sacred Things as Proſe:  
Though ſome there be, that Poetry abuſe,  
Muſt we therefore, not the ſame Method uſe?  
Yea ſure, for of my Conſcience it is beſt,  
And doth deſerve more Honour than the Reſt,  
For 'tis no Human Knowledge gain'd by Art,  
But rather, 'tis inſpir'd into the Heart,  
By Means Divine, for true Divinity,  
Hath with this Science great Affinity.  
Tho' ſome through Ignorance do it oppoſe,  
Many do it Eſteem far more than Proſe,  
And find alſo that unto them it brings  
Content and Eaſe been the Delight of Kings.  
David altho a King, yet was a Poet,  
And Solomon alſo, the Scriptures ſhow it.  
Than what if for all this, ſome ſhould abuſe it,  
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it.  
Tho' God doth give't here but in part to ſome,  
Saints ſhall have it perfect in the World to come.

By

15.2.81



*By a Friend, in Praise of these Poems.*

**M**Y Muse is dull, altho' I have a Will,  
This Book for to commend, I want the Skill,  
I know not how its worth for to declare,  
Few Poems doubtless may with it compare,  
Not for rare Elegant Scholastick Strains.  
Which flow alone from those quick witted Brains,  
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art,  
Strive to affect the Fancy not the Heart.  
'This Treatise read kind friend and thou shalt see  
Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.  
The Author soars on high, his main Design,  
Is to instruct that precious Soul of thine.  
Pth' Path Coelestial, shew thee very plain,  
How thou in Christ an Interest may'st obtain.  
Or if in Christ thy Soul has got a Place,  
He to thy Joy, shews forth thy happy Case.  
This Poem's like a Messenger sent forth,  
To give a Visit to the drowzy Earth,  
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake  
Before it drops into the fiery Lake,  
There's very few upon the Earth do live,  
But might from hence some Benefit receive.  
For though it is brought forth in this our Climate  
Yet 'twill agree with every place and Time.  
Its Message is of such a large Extent,  
It may in truth to all the World be sent.  
To Male and Female high and low Degree,  
He speaks a Word to Bond as well as Free.  
All in whom Conscience dwells he lets them see,  
Conscience's great Power and Authority.  
When Heav'n's hot Thunderbolt with Fire and Hail  
Made Egypt's mighty Monarch's Courage fail  
Conscience stept in, made him cry out again,  
The Lord is just I and my wicked Train

Have sinn'd yea Conscience also brings.  
Saul Son of Kish, the first of Israel's Kings.  
Before the Prophet humbly to confess,  
That he had sinn'd and acted Wickedness.  
Conscience made David to cry out amain.  
'Tis I have sinn'd I have Uriah slain,  
Although he slew a Lyon and a Bear,  
And did not the great Gyants Courage Fear  
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too.  
Yet more than this, you'll find Conscience can do,  
Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,  
Chuse or refuse, here's Loss and also Gain.  
One Reason, Reader of this Mode and Stile,  
Is, that it might with honest Craft beguile,  
Such curious Fancies who had rather Chuse,  
To read ten Lines in Verse than one in Prose,  
For as the nimble Fly who lightly springs  
Against the flame until she burns her Wings,  
Is taken Captive with that sulphurous Flame,  
With which she only sought to sport and Game.  
So whilst these curious Fancies seem to play  
With this small peice, 'twill secretly betray  
Them to their Conscience and If Conscience send  
Them to God's Word the Author has his end,  
Provided that unto the same they yield,  
And Grace and Conscience do obtain the Field.

W. B.

Farewel :

Youth



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## Youth in his Unconverted State.

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### Youth.

THE *Naturalists* most aptly do compare  
 My Age unto the *Spring* whose Beauty's rare  
 When Sprightful *Sol* enters the Golden Sign,  
 Which is call'd *Aries* his glorious Shrine,  
 And splendid Rays do cause the Earth to spring  
 And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing.  
 All Plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flourish:  
 The grass doth sprout the *tender lambs* to nourish  
 These things in *Winter* that seem to be dead,  
 Do now rise up and quickly shew their Head;  
 And do obtain a natural Resurrection:  
 By his own Beams and powerful Reflection.  
 How in the pleasant fruitful Month of *May*,  
 Are *Meadows* clad with Flowers rich and gay,  
 And all *Earth's* Globe adorn'd in Garment green  
 Mix'd with rare yellow Crowned like a Queen.  
 The *Primrose*, *Cowslip*, and the *Violet*,  
 Are curiously with other Flowers set.  
 And chirping *Birds* with their melodious sounds  
 Delight Man's Heart whose pleasure now abounds  
 The *Winter's* Past with stormy Snow and Rain,  
 And long 'twill be e'er such things come again.  
 Nothing but Joy and sweet delights appear,  
 Whilst doth abide the *Spring-time* of the Year.  
 Thus 'tis with me who am now in my Prime,  
 In Merriment and Joy I spend my Time;



9 *The Young-man's Evil Resolution.*

And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,  
I so rejoyce with my Consorts and sing,  
And spend my Days in sweet pastime and *Mirth*,  
And nought shall grieve and trouble me on earth  
I am resolv'd to search the World about,  
But I will suck the Sweetness of it out.

No Stone I'll leave unturn'd that I may find,  
Content and Joy unto my troubled Mind,  
No sorrow shall whilst I do live come near me,  
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies scare me.

At *Cards* and *Dice* and such brave Games I'll play  
And like a Courtier deck my self most gay.

With *Periwig* and *Muff* and such fine things,  
With *Sword* and *Belt* *Goloshoes* and *Gold-rings*.

Where *Bulls* and *Bears* they bait & *Locks* do fight,

I do resort with speed there's my Delight ;

To drink and sport among the jovial Crew,

I do resolve whatever doth ensue.

And *Court fair Ladies* that I also love,

And of all things do very well approve,

Which tend my sensual part to satisfy,

From whence comes all my choice Felicity.

Whate'er mine Ears do hear, or Eyes behold,

Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold

And Silver can for me those things procure,

I'll spare no cost nor Pains you may besure,

Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,

Whilst others hurried are in Misery,

Whose Mind with strange Conceits troubled re-

Thinking *By loosing all that way to gain.* (main

Such *Riddles* I can't learn, I must them leave,

What's felt and seen I am resolv'd to have.

Let

## The Young-man's *Evil Resolution.* 7

Let every man his Mind and Fancy fill,  
My Lusts I'll satisfy and have my Will!  
Who dares Controul me in my present way,  
Or vex my Mind, i'th' least, or me gain say?  
What state of Life can equal this of mine;  
Youth's Gallantry so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you Sir, in truth, and that dare I,  
For your contempt of my Authority,  
You tread on me without the least regard,  
At if I worthy were not to be heard,  
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I,  
Am forc'd aloud Murder with speed to cry,  
I can't forbear, but must cry out amain,  
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.

Youth.

What are you Sir, you dare to be so bold?  
I scorn by any he to be controul'd.  
E're I have done with you, I'll make you know,  
You shall your power and Commission show,

Conscience.

Be not so hot and you shall know my name,  
And also learn from whence my power came,  
I'm no Usurper, yet I do command,  
You for to stop and make a present stand.  
You'r Pleasures you must leave, and vicious life,  
Else there will grow a very bitter strife,  
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,  
If from these Courses you don't quickly turn.  
For all your Courage which you seem to take,  
The News bring's enough to make you quake.  
Youth

Mouth.

Who e're thou art, I'll make you by and by  
 Confess you hve accus'd me wrongfully.  
 From Murder I am clear in thought and deed,  
 Thus to be charg'd, doth cause my *heart to bleed*  
 Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,  
 If you provoke me worse, 'twill quickly be ;  
 You seek occasion, and are quarrelsome,  
 And therefore 'tis I do suppose you're come,  
 But if your Name you don't declare to me,  
 I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conscience.

What violence (alas !) can you do more,  
 Than that which you have done to me before ?  
 Forbear your *threats*, be still and hold your hand  
 And quickly you shall know and understand.  
 My Name, my Pow'r, and place of Residence,  
 Which may to you prove of great consequence.  
 I am a servant to a mighty King,  
 Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry thing,  
 Who keeps one Court above and here below  
 Another he doth keep, as you shall know.  
 O'er this inferior Court, placed am I,  
 To act and do as his great Deputy.  
 I truly judge, according to my Light ;  
 Yea, and impartially do each Man right.  
 Those I condemn who vile and guilty are  
 And justify the Holy and Sincere.  
 I order'd am to watch continually.  
 O'er all your Actions with a wary Eye ;  
 And I have found how you have of late time,  
 Committed many a bold and horrid Crime.

Of

Of Murder, Treason. and like Villany,  
 Against the Crown and gracious Dignity.  
 Of that *great Prince* from whence you have your  
 Who's King and ruler over all the earth. (breath  
 I am his Judge, Attorney General,  
 And have Commission also you to call  
 Unto the Bar, and make you to confess  
 Your horrid Crimes, and fearful Guiltiness.  
 A black Indictment I have drawn in truth,  
 Against thy self thou miserable *Youth* :  
 Thy Pride I shall abate thy, Pleasures mar,  
 And bring thee to confess, with tears, at Bar,  
 Thy Sports and Games, and youthful Lust to be  
 Nought else but sin, and cursed vanity ;  
 And for to put thee also out of doubt,  
 My name is *Conscience*, which you bear about.  
 No other then th' accusing faculty,  
 Of that dear Soul, which in thy breast doth lye.  
 I by that rule men's thoughts and ways compare  
 By which their inward Parts enlightened are.  
 And as they do accord or disagree,  
 I do accuse, or clear immediately  
 According to your Light you do not Live,  
 But violate that Rule which God doth give  
 To you, to square your life and actions by ;  
 From whence comes all your woe and misery.

*Youth.*

*Conscience* art thou why didst not speak e're now  
 To mind what thou dost say, I can't tell how.  
 Thou melancholly Fancy fly from me,  
 My pleasure i'll not leave in spite of thee,  
 Other brave guests you see to me are come,

And



And in my House for thee there is no Room.  
 Dost think I will be check'd by silly Thought,  
 And into Inares my foolish fancy brought,  
 It's you which cry out *Murder*, only you,  
 A Fig (alas) for all that you can do.  
 For though against me you do *Prate* and *Preach*,  
 Your very neck I am resolv'd to stretch.  
 I'll swear, carouze, and whore, do what you will  
 Till I have stifled you and made you still.  
 I'll clip your *Wings* and make you see at length.  
 I do know how to spoil you of your strength:  
 When you do speak I will not lend an Ear,  
 I'll make in truth as if I did not hear.  
 If you speak loud when I am all alone,  
 I will rise up and strateway will be gone.  
 To the brave Boys who toss the Pot about,  
 And that's the way to tire your patience out,  
 I'll go to Plays and Games and Dancings too,  
 And e're a while I shall be rid of you.

## Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth be not so rash,  
 Left e're you be aware you feel my Last,  
 I have a sting, a whip, yea, and can bite,  
 Before you shall o'ercome I'll stoutly fight,  
 I'll gripe you sore and make you howl anon,  
 If you resolve in Sin still to go on.  
 I've overcome strong hearts & made 'em yield,  
 And so shall you before I quit the Field.  
 Go where you will I'll soon come after.  
 And into Sorrow will I turn your Laughter.  
 'Twill prove hard work for you to shake me off  
 Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff.

As



As is o'er you I had no Jurisdiction;  
 Or was a Dream, a Fancy or some Fiction.  
 For all your Wrath I yet must you disturb,  
 Tho' yon offended are I can't but curb,  
 And chide you daily as I oft have done,  
 Till you repent and from lewd Courses turn.  
 For till the cause be taken quite away,  
 The' Effect will follow whate'er you do or say,  
 Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,  
 If Sin remains Disturbance you will see,  
 Therefore I do beseech you soberly,  
 For to submit to my Authority,  
 Obey my Voice, I pray thee make a Trial,  
 Before you give another flat Denial.  
 If more sweet Comfort, I don't yield to you,  
 Than all which doth from sinful Actions flow,  
 Then me reject ; but otherwise my Friend.  
 My Checks receive and to my Motions bend  
 Get Peace within whatever thou dost do,  
 And let vain pleasures and Corruptions go.  
 That will be better for thy Soul at last,  
 Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast.  
 And since we are alone, let you and I  
 More mildly talk about Supremacy.  
 Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign,  
 Which nothing brings but sorrow shame & pain?  
 And Conscience to reject who perfectly,  
 From Guilt and Bondage strives to set you free,  
 Have not these Lusts by which thou art now led  
 Brought many a one to want a piece of Bread,  
 What brave Estates have been consum'd thereby  
 And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye.  
 How

How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,  
 Besides poor *Conscience* grievously turmoil'd ;  
 Nay, once again give Ear I pr'ythee Hark,  
 Hath not many a brave and curious Spark  
 Been brought in stinking Prisons there to lye,  
 For yielding to their Lust and Vanity.

How many swing at *Tiburn* ev'ry Year.  
 For stabbing *Conscience* without Care or Fear ?  
 And some also out of their wits do run,  
 And by that Means are utterly undone.

Some Men so stifle me I cannot speak,  
 And then they sport and play, and merry make  
 Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,  
 But then afresh I quickly make them roar.

Some of them I do drive into despair,  
 When in their Face I do begin to stare ;  
 No Rest nor Peace at all their Souls can find,  
 I so disturb them and perplex their Mind.

What say you now *Young-man* will you submit  
 Weigh well the danger and the Benefit.

The Danger on the One-hand will be great,  
 If me you do oppose and Ill intreat.

Sweet Profit comes you'll see on th'other hand,  
 To such who subject are to his Command:

What dost thou say shall I embraced be.

Or wilt thou follow still thy Villany.

Wouth.

Was ever *Young-man* thus perplex'd as I,  
 Who flourish'd in sweet Prosperity,  
 Where-e'er I go *Conscience* dogs me about,  
 No Quiet can I have in Doors or out.

*Conscience* what is the cause you make such strife

*The Cause of Conscience's Quarrel,* 13

I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life ?  
I am so grip'd and Pinched in my Breast,  
I know not where to go nor where to rest.

*Conscience.*

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,  
Loving vain Pleasures and Iniquity.  
The Light you have you walk not up unto,  
You know tis Evil which you daily do.  
My Witness I must bear continually,  
For the Great GOD whose glorious Majesty,  
Did in thy Soul give so large a place,  
As for to stop you in your sinful Race ;  
I must Reprove Accuse and you Condemn,  
Whilst you by sin his Sovereignty contemn ;  
I can't betray my Trust, nor hold my Peace,  
Till I am stabb'd, fear'd, or Light doth cease.  
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forsake,  
I shall pursue you tho your Heart doth Ach:

*Youth.*

How bold and malapert is *Conscience* grown,  
Tho' I upon this fellow daily frown,  
And his Advice reject, yet still doth he  
Knock at my Door as if he'd weary me.  
*Conscience*, I'd have you know in truth that I,  
A Person am of some Authority,  
Are you so saucy as to curb and chide  
Such a brave spark who can't your ways abide ?  
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,  
And it agrees not with my present Age,  
For to give Place to you, or to regard  
Those things from you I have so often heard.



14 Conscience Rebuketh the Mighty,  
Conscience.

Alas proud Flesh, dost think thy self to high  
To be subject to such a one as I ?  
Thy Betters I continually gainsay,  
If they my Motions don't with Care obey,  
My Power's great and my Comission's large,  
There's scarce a Man but I with folly charge,  
The King and Peasant are alike to me,  
I favour none of high or low Degree.  
If they offend I in their Faces Fly,  
Without regard or Fear of Standers by.

Youth.

Speak not another word don't you perceive,  
There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe,  
What you do say, you're grown so out of Date  
Be silent then, and longer do not prate,  
In the Country your Credit is but small,  
There's few care for your Company at all.  
The *Husband-Man* the *Land-mark* can't remove  
But you strait-way him bitterly reprove,  
Nor plow a little of his Neighbour's Land,  
But you command him presently to stand.  
There's not a Man can go i'th the least awry,  
But out against him fiercely you do fly.  
The People therefore now so weary are.  
They've thrust you almost out of ev'ry Shire,  
And in the City you so hated be,  
There's very few that care a Rush for thee,  
For if they should believe what you do say,  
Their Pride and Bravery would soon decay.  
Their *Swearing* *Cursing* and their *Drunkenness*,  
Would vanish quite away or grow much less,

Our

Conscience in these days slighted. 15

Our Craft of Profit, and our Pleasure too,  
Would soon go down and ruin'd be by you,  
The Whore and Bawd, with the Play-houses then  
Would be contemned by all sorts of Men,  
You strive to spoil us of our sweet Delights,  
Our Pleasures you oppose with all your might,  
The fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,  
And make our Youth like to a Country Clown  
We half Fanaticks should be made ('tis clear)  
If unto thee we once inclined were.

But *this* amongst the rest doth chear my Heart,  
There's very few in London take thy part.  
Here and there one which we do Nick-name  
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live (give  
'Tis out of fashion grown we daily see,  
Conscience for to regard, i'th' least degree.  
He that can't *whore* and *swear* without controul  
We do account to be a Timorous Fool.  
Therefore though you so desperately do fall,  
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall,  
Get loose from you, & then I'll tare the ground,  
And in all Joy and Pleasure will abound.

Conscience.

Ah poor deceived Soul, dost thou not know,  
That most of all mankind i'th' broad way go?  
What tho' they do most wickedly abuse me?  
Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?  
What tho' they will of me no warning take,  
Till they drop down into the Stygian Lake?  
Wilt thou befriend the cursed Serpent so.  
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?  
What though I am in no request by them,

Don't



16     *Conscience in these Days slighted.*

Don't they likewise God's holy word contemn?  
 Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,  
 Lest from their *Pleasures* it should them affright,  
 What tho' my *friends* are toss'd about and hurl'd  
 Their inward Peace is more than all the world  
 Can give to them, or from them take away,  
 Whilst they with diligence do me obey:  
 As I enlightned am by God's Precepts.  
 Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my steps.  
 O come proud Heart, and longer don't contend  
 But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend;  
 For I'll not leave thee, but with all my power,  
 I'll follow thee unto thy dying Hour.

Worth.

Unto some private place then I will fly:  
 Where I may hide my self and secretly,  
 There I'll enjoy my self in spite of thee.  
 And thou shalt not i'th least know where I be,

Conscience.

Nay foolish Youth how can that thing be  
 From *Conscience* it is in vain to run,     (done,  
 No secret place can you find out or 'spy,  
 To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye;  
 I see i'th dark, as well as in the Light,  
 No doors nor walls can keep thee from my sight  
 Where'er thou art or go'st am I not there,  
 Thy Soul with horrid guilt to fear and fear?  
 Could *Cain* and *Judas* get out of my reach,  
 When once *between us* there was the like breach?  
 Did I not follow them unto the end,  
 And make them know what 'twas for to offend,  
 My glorious Prince and me his true Vice-roy?

Ven.

*No Flying from Conscience.* 17

Vengeance doth follow those who us annoy.  
My Counsel then, I pray thee take with speed,  
For that's the way alone for to be freed  
From Vengeance here, and also Wrath to come  
When thou dost dye, and at the Day of Doom,  
Worth.

What, can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue,  
Then I intreat *thee Conscience*, don't pursue.  
Nor follow me so close, forbear a while,  
Don't yet my Beauty nor my Pleasures spoil;  
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,  
Oh, pity me, and cease thy bitter Rage.  
Don't crop the tender bud it is too green,  
Oh! let me have those Days others have seen.  
Forbear thy Hand till my wild Oats are sown,  
They must be ripe also before they're mown.  
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time,  
That which I ask of thee is but the Prime  
Of those good Days which God bestows on me;  
Oh! that it might but once obtained be.  
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,  
After I've spent my time in Gallantry. (sures,  
In *Earth's* sweet joys and such transcendant Plea-  
Which *Young-men* do esteem the chiefest Treasure,  
Conscience

After all violence and outrage great,  
Done to poor *Conscience*, you do him intreat  
Thinking for to prevail by Flattery,  
But that in Truth I utterly detest.  
'Tis quite against my *Nature* you must know,  
Unto vile Lust fond *Pity* for to show.  
GOD hath not given such a Dispensation,

12 *The Young-man reproved by Conscience:*

For me to wink at your Abomination ;  
If God but once doth blow your Candle out,  
I shall be quiet then you need not doubt :  
But woe to you as ever you was born,  
If God doth once his Light to Darkness turn.  
But whilst your Soul retains that legal Light,  
Your Sins I can't endure within my sight.  
God I am sure no Liberty will give  
To any one, in horrid Sin to live ;  
Nor will he give Allowance for a Day,  
'Tis very dangerous for to delay  
The Work of thy Repentance for an Hour ;  
What thy Hand finds to do, dowith all Power.  
If me you don't believe, I Pray the Youth,  
For to resolve thy self, go to GOD's Truth.

Youth.

Well since that you no Comfort do afford,  
I will enquire of GOD's most Holy Word,  
So far I will your Counsel take, for I,  
Am sorely troubled, whether shall I fly ?  
I will make trial, I resolvé to see,  
Whether that Truth and Conscience do agree.  
The lip of Truth can't err tho' Conscience may,  
When that misguided is that goes astray.  
If Truth and Conscience speak the self same thing,  
It will Amazement to my Spirits bring.  
That now I ask for and earnestly do crave,  
Is some short time in Sin longer to have.  
Conscience denies it me, Truth, what say you ?  
O that you would a little Favour shew  
To a poor Lad, alas ! I am but young,  
Like to a flower which is lately sprung.

Out



Out of the Ground, and *Conscience* day and night  
Strives for to tread me down with all his might  
Or as the Frost the tender Bud doth spoil,  
So has he striven to do a great while.  
Must I reform and all my sins forsake,  
Some fitter season O pray let me take.  
For all things there's a time under the Sun  
And when I Older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold vain *Youth*, you are mistaken now  
No time to sin GOD doth to thee allow,  
If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear;  
I with poor *Conscience* must witness bear;  
I am his Guide, his Rule 'tis by my Light,  
He acts and does, and says the thing that's right  
You are undone, if you don't speedily  
Leave all your Sins and cursed Vanity.  
Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave?  
And yet hast thou a precious Soul to save?  
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,  
When old enough in Hell, for Sin, to lye?  
Some fitter Season (*Youth*) dost think to find?  
The Devil doth dart that into thy Mind.  
No time so fit as when the Lord doth call;  
Those who *Rebellious* are, they one Day shall  
Smart bitterly for their most horrid Evil.  
In yielding to and siding with the Devil:  
But once again, I prithee hark to me,  
Don't God whilst thou art young call unto thee,  
Remember thy Creator? therefore now,  
And unto him with speed see you do bow,  
The first ripe Fruit of Old, God did desire.

And so of thee likewise he doth require,  
 That thou to him a Sacrifice should'st give,  
 Of thy best Days, and learn betimes to live,  
 Unto the Praise of his most holy Name.  
 And not by sin so to prophane the same.  
 This is, Young-man, also thy choosing time,  
 Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy Prime  
 Place thou thy Heart unto the Lord above,  
 And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.  
 Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,  
 And also place thee here upon the Earth;  
 And many precious Blessings gave to thee,  
 That thou to him alone should'st subject be.  
 GOD out of *Bowels* sent his precious Son,  
 Thy Soul from evil ways with speed to turn.  
 Who for thy sake was Nailed to a Tree,  
 To free thy Soul from Hell and Misery,  
 And while in sin, vile Wretch, thou dost remain  
 Thou dost, as't were, him Crucify again,  
 Thy sins, O Young-man, GOD doth also hate,  
 His Soul doth loath and them abominate;  
 Nothing's more odious in his blessed sight,  
 Than those vile Lusts wherein you take delight  
 And wilt thou not, O young-man be deterr'd  
 From evil ways, what is thy Heart so hard?  
 Will nothing move thy Heart for to repent,  
 Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?  
 Give Ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a Lye,  
 And fly from sin and youthful Vanity.  
 Those that do seek God's Kingdom first of all,  
 And do obey his sweet and gracious Call,  
 They shall find *Christ*, and lye too in his Breast,  
 And



And reap the Comforts of Eternal Rest:  
But if thou should'st this *Golden Time* neglect,  
And all good Motions utterly reject,  
And slight the Day of this thy Visitation,  
That will to God be such a Provocation,  
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,  
Nor never knock hereafter at thy Door.  
While Terms of Peace He doth to thee afford;  
Be subject to him lest he draws his Sword.  
If once to Anger him you do provoke,  
He'll break your Bones, and wound you with his  
Who can before his Indignation stand, (stroke,  
Or bear the Weight of his revengeful Hand?  
How dar'st thou a War with him maintain,  
And say o'er thee *Christ Jesus* shall not Reign,  
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,  
And yet presume on his sweet Clemency;  
Wilt thou vile *Traytor-like* contrive the Death,  
Of that great King from whom thou hast thy  
Wilt thou cast dirt upon the *Holy One* (Breath?  
And keep *Christ Jesus* from his rightly Throne:  
Is't not his right thy *Conscience* for to sway,  
Ought he not there to reign, and thou obey?  
Dar'st thou resist and dread his sov'reign Power  
Yea, or hold Parley with him for an Hour,  
To gratify the Devil, who thereby  
Renews his Strength, yea, and doth fortify  
Himself in thee, and makes his Kingdom strong,  
By tempting thee to sin whilst thou art young.  
The *Black-moor* sooner far may change his Skin,  
Than thou may'st leave and turn away from Sin.

When once a Habit and a Custom's taken,  
 Then sinful ways are hard to be forsaken. (pose,  
 Dare you, vile wretch, *Christ's* Government op-  
 And with the Devil and Corruptions close,  
 Had'st rather that the Devil reign o'er thee,  
 Than unto *God Almighty* subject be,  
 Which will be best dost think for the i'th' end,  
 The Lord to please, and Satan to offend?  
 Or Satan for to please, and so thereby,  
 Declare thy self *JEHOVAH's* Enemy?  
 For those who live in Sin, 'tis very clear  
 They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are.  
 And wilt thou yield unto the Devil still,  
 And also greedily his Will fulfil? (Friend,  
 Dost think, vain Youth, he'll to thee prove a  
 That thou dost so his cursed Ways commend?  
 Has Sin with all its odious Excrement,  
 So sweet a smell, yea, and so fragrant Scent,  
 Shall that which is the Superfluous  
 Of Naintiness, be precious in thine Eye?  
 And dost thou value Christ and all he hath  
 Not worth vain Pleasures here upon the Earth?  
 Shall he esteemed be by thee, vile Dust,  
 Not worth the Pleasures of a cursed Lust?  
 Is there more good in sinful Vanity,  
 Than is in all the Glorious Trinity?  
 That which men think is best that do they chase  
 Things of small value 'tis they do refuse, (Soul,  
 What thought hast thou of Christ, thou sinful  
 That thou his Messengers dost thus controul,  
 And dost to him so turn a deafened Ear,  
 His *Knocks*, his *Calls*, his *Weenings* will not hear.  
 Nor

Nor him regard, tho he stands at the Door,  
 With Myrrh and Frankincense, yea, and all store  
 Of rare Fruit and chief Spice, as Cinnamon,  
 Aloe s, Spikenard, Camphire and Saffron;  
 All precious things, (*poor Soul*) of Heav'n above,  
 He has with him, yet nothing will thee move.  
 To ope the Door; for all his Calls and Knocks;  
 Thou let'st him stand, until his precious Locks  
 Are wet with dew, and drops of the long Night  
 Thus dost thou him despise, reject, and slight.  
 And rather keep thy Lust and Pleasure still,  
 Than that *Christ* should thy Soul with Heav'n fill  
 Tho' he ten thousand Worlds doth yet excel,  
 And makes that Heart where he in Truth doth  
 To be a Heaven here upon the Earth, (dwell,  
 Filling the Soul with precious Joy and Myrrh,  
 Which makes grey-headed Winter like a spring  
 And young-men like Cœlistial Angels sing,  
 The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,  
 That it dildains and doth abominate  
 All sensual Pleasures in Comparison  
 Of *Jesus Christ*, his dear and only One:  
 Let me persuade thee for to taste and try,  
 How good *Christ* is, and then assuredly;  
 You will admire him, yea, and praise the Lord,  
 That ever he did to thy Soul afford  
 Such a Dear Saviour, and such good Advice,  
 To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradise.  
 For none do know the Nature of that Place,  
 That inward Joy the which shall never cease,  
 But he himself who doth the same possess,  
 Oh! taste and see for then you will confess;

No Pen can it express, no Tongue declare,  
 It's Natures such, O young-man, 'tis most rare,  
 Christ is the *Summum Bonum*, it is he,  
 In whom alone is true Felicity.  
 Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breast,  
 Nothing on Earth can give him perfect Rest:  
 'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity,  
 For such, like Beasts and other Mortals dye.  
 Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do stand,  
 The Servant may the Master soon command.  
*Felbazzar* who upon the Throne did sit,  
 His Knees against each other soon did hit.  
 How was he scar'd when the *Hand-writing* came  
 And wrote upon the Wall even the same,  
 That afterwards befel, his End b'ing come,  
 Receiv'd his fatal Stroke which was his Doom.  
 Great Men are often fill'd with great Fears,  
 Being perplex'd they know not how to steer.  
 High Cedars fall when little shrubs abide, (side  
 Though Winds do blow and strangely turn the  
 For Man in Honour lives but a short space,  
 He dyes like to the beasts thus ends his Race:  
 Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of Old,  
 And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?  
 Great Monarchs now are mould'ring quite away  
 Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter sway:  
 In highest Place of Human Government,  
 None never found therein solid Content.  
 Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by some,  
 How he sat down when he had overcome  
 The *Eastern World*, and did weep very sore,  
 Because there was one *World* and was no more  
 For



## Truth's First Sermon.

For him to conquer. Thus 'tis also still,  
The World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.  
Riches and Wealth also can't satisfy,  
That precious Soul which in thy breast doth lie  
If store of Gold and Silver thou should'st gain,  
'Twould but increase thy Sorrow Grief and Pain  
Riches, O Young-man they are empty things,  
And swiftly fly away with *Eagle's* Wings.  
When *Riches* you do heap, you heap up Sorrow,  
They're thine to day, alas, but gone to morrow.  
Fires may come and all thy Treasures burn,  
Or Thieves may steal it as they oft have done,  
He that hath Thousands by the Year this night,  
May be as poor as *Job* by Morning Light.  
And as for Pleasure which thy Age doth prize,  
Why should that seem so lovely in thine Eyes?  
'Tis but a Moment they with thee will last.  
And sadness surely comes when they are past.  
The Brute his Pleasures hath as well as thee,  
Man's *Chiefest Good* surely can't Pleasures be.  
And whilst thou striv'st thy evil Lusts to please  
Thy raging Conscience, *Tough*, who shall appease  
With this sweet Meat, I tell thee also Friend,  
Thou sour Sauce shalt have before the end.  
And as for Beauty that also is vain,  
Unless you can the inward Beauty gain.  
What's outward Beauty, save an evil Snare,  
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are.  
And on a sudden drawn into Temptation,  
And do commit most vile Abomination.  
That *Beauty* which the Carnal Man doth prize,  
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes.

Though

Tho' deck'd with Jewels, Rings, & brave attire  
 The Glorious King their Beauty don't admire,  
 His heart's not taking with it but otherwise,  
 The Beauty of vain Ones he doth despise,  
 Tho' very fair but if defil'd with Sin,  
 They like unro Sepulchers are within.  
 Loathsome and vile i'th' sight of God are they,  
 And soon their seeming Beauty will decay.  
 It fades and withers and away doth pass,  
 Just like unto the Flower of the Grass,  
 The curled Locks, yea and the spotted Face,  
 God ere a while will bring into Disgrace,  
 Those Ladies which excel all others too,  
 Must feed the Worms within a Day or two;  
 Death and the Grave will spoil their Beauty quite  
 And none in them shall never more delight.  
 As for thy Age in youthful Days we see,  
 Youth minds nothing save cursed Vanity.  
 Soon may the Spring also meet with a Blast,  
 And all thy Glory not a Moment last.  
 The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,  
 Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.  
 Nothing on Earth can'st thou find out or spy,  
 That will content thee long or satisfy.  
 That Soul of thine if still thou search about,  
 Till thou dost find the rarest Science out;  
 For if on Learning you do place your Mind,  
 Much Vanity in that you'll also find;  
 For Human Knowledge and Philosophy,  
 Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity  
 With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,  
 In whom (poor Youth) is Happiness alone.

Doth

Dote not on Honour then nor worldly Treasure,  
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor other Pleasure.  
All is but Vanity, that's here below,  
Truth and Experience both the same do show.  
Come look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,  
Let Swines take Husks and Fools these empty Toys  
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will  
Of Joys Celestial have your Fill.  
If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,  
All outward Joys you see are trifling things.  
If Heav'n's sweetness thou but once hadst caught  
Thou would'st account Earth's best Enjoyments  
Honour & Riches too Christ has great store (naught  
And at's Right Hand are Pleasures evermore  
Dost think that he who makes Man's life so sweet  
Whilst he with many troubles here doth meet,  
And in believing hath such sweetness tasted,  
Though his own Image greatly is defaced,  
Can't give to him much greater Consolation,  
When all the Sowr's vanish'd of Temptation.  
If with the bitter Saint's such sweetness gain,  
What shall they do when they in Glory reign?  
Nough.

Be silent, Truth, leave off, for I cann't bear  
Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear  
Such Melancholly Whimsies, they're such Stuff,  
Which Suit not with my Age: I have enough  
Of it already, and also of you,  
Since you my Int'rest strive to overthrow.  
When I appeal'd to you I was perplext,  
And with sad Melancholly forely vext.

But

28 *The Young-man resisteth Truth.*

But since I do perceive the Storm is o'er,  
 You I don't think to trouble any more.  
 Long-winded Sermons, Sir I do not love,  
 Nor of your Sermons in the least approve,  
 No Liberty to me, I see you'll give,  
 In sweet Delight and Pleasure for to live.  
 I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,  
 Nor after such distracted People run.  
 An easy Way to Heaven I do know,  
 And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewell to you.  
 My Bride, my Sports, and my old Company,  
 I will enjoy, and all my Bravery.  
 I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil,  
 My fleshly Mind, say Preachers what they will.

*Conscience.*

Ah *Youth*, ah *Youth* ! Is't so in very deed ?  
 Wilt thou no more unto God's *Truth* give heed ?  
 'Twas but my mouth to stop I now do find,  
 That unto *Truth* you seemingly inclin'd.  
 But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee.  
 What thou hast heard has much enlightned me,  
 And my Commission too it doth renew,  
 As will appear by what doth next ensue.  
 Have you from GOD been called thus upon,  
 And shall your Heart be hardned like a Stone ?  
 You can't plead Ignorance, O *Youth*, 'tis so,  
 You now have plainly heard what you should do  
 Your Sin will be of grievous Aggravation.  
 If you don't quickly make a Recantation.  
 Your Sins will be of a deep scarlet Dye,  
 And many stripes prepared I espy.

With



*Truth is Conscience's Informer, 29*

With which you must be beat, because that you  
Your Master's Will so perfectly do know;  
But for to do the same you do refuse,  
And your poor *Conscience* wickedly abuse.  
You'll shew your self a cursed Rebel now,  
If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.  
Wilt thou thy sins retain when thou dost hear,  
How much against the Living GOD they are?  
Wilt thou cast Dirt into his blessed Face,  
O tremble Soul, and dread thy present Case.

Worth.

Now my good Days I see they will be gone,  
My inward Thoughts will ne'er let me alone.  
Ah, that I could but sin without Controul,  
And *Conscience* would no more disturb my Soul.  
His bitter Gripes much longer I can't bear,  
He's grown so strong, that little hopes is there,  
But he'll prevail, such Conflicts I do feel,  
My courage now, and Resolutions reel.  
However I'm resolv'd once more to try  
And struggle hard to get the Mastery:  
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,  
Nor at the second *Summons* will I yield.  
I'll make once more another stout Essay,  
E're unto *Conscience* I will yield the Day  
Ah! how can I my sweet Delights forsake,  
Without Resistance to the last I make.

*Conscience*, although I sinful am, I see,  
There's many thousands worser far than me,  
There's none can live, and from all sins be clear,  
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.

My

36 *Conscience searcheth the Young-man.*

My Heart is good, tho' it is true that I,  
Am overcome thro Human Frailty.

*Conscience.* (mend,

O cursed wretch, dar'st thou thy Heart com-  
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.

Don't I most clearly in thy Heart behold,

Most horrid Lust twou'd shame thee was it told

All Rottenness and Filth I do espy,

In that base Heart of thine to lurk and ly e:

There *Vipers* breed and many a *Cockatrice*,

The Spawn of every Sin and evil Vice.

Like a Sepulcher, foul thou art within,

Nought there's but stink and putrifying Sin,

Out from thy Heart all evil doth descend,

And yet wilt thou thy filthy Heart commend?

And dost thou think thy State so good to be,

Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?

You are so bad, if you from Sin don't turn,

You must for Sin in Hell for ever burn.

Except you do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,

You perish must in ever lasting Pain.

*Young.*

Well say no more, if this be so I must

Go unto *Truth* again, or I shall burst,

My Heart will break, I clearly do discern,

I therefore now must yield and also learn,

What is my *State*, my *Nature* that I'd know,

Come *Truth*, I pray, will you this Favour show.

As to explain to me this thing most clear,

For *Conscience* doth my Soul with Horrour scare

Is he i'th right, O *Truth*, or is he wrong?

I find Convictions in me very strong.

What

What is my State? Declare it unto me,  
And set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

*Truth.*

What *Conscience* speaks, O Young-man is most  
And vain it is longer with him to fight. (right,  
*Conscience* against thee doth his Witness bear,  
And dreadful Danger also doth declare.

Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,  
Almighty God condemns eternally.

And God is greater than thy Heart, O Soul,  
Who can enough thy grievous State condole?

If *Conscience* does it testimony give,  
That you in Sin and cursed Ways do live,

And that thou art an Unconverted Wretch,  
It 'tis from hence between you there's a Breach,

If this be so, as you it can't deny,  
What would you do if you this Night should die.

If in this State you should this Life depart,  
Undone for evermore, Young-man thou art!

As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,  
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

*Conscience* his Power from God did receive,  
And if you don't obey and him believe,

And do reject his motions, 'tis all one,  
And if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:

Whilst he doth rule by Laws that are divine,  
'Tis *Treason* him to stop or undermine.

And once again to shew thee thy Estate,  
You being Young-man not Regenerate,

No God nor Christ have you, 'tis even so,  
And this indeed's the Sum of all thy Woe!

32 *The woful State of Man by Nature.*

In God no Int'rest, *Youth* hast thou at all,  
 He's quite departed ever since the Fall,  
 And is become that dreadful Enemy;  
 His angry Face is set most veh'mently,  
 Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,  
 Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to  
 Each attribute against thy Soul is set, (bring  
 And all of them also together met,  
 To make ev'ry way most miserable,  
 Which wrath for to withstand what Man is able  
 He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,  
 And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear:  
 His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,  
 'Till you, by Faith are truly born again.

*Youth.*

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,  
 It is enough to bring one to Despair:  
 If it be so, I grant I am undone,  
 But God is gracious, and has sent his Son.  
 He's full of Bowels therefore hope do I,  
 He'll not on me his Justice magnify.

*Truth.*

(clear

'Tis true, God's gracious, yet he will not  
 Those guilty Souls who don't his Justice Fear.  
 He's very gracious yet he's full of Ire,  
 And is to such like a consuming Fire.  
 He sent his Son 'tis true for Souls to die,  
 But many miss, and falsely do apply,  
 His precious Blood therefore my Counsel take  
 Don't you too soon an application make  
 Of God's sweet Grace nor yet of Christ's dear  
 Until by you the Gospel's understood. (Blood  
 Those



*The youth in his Naturall State*  
*Etat. ſu. 16*



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*The woful state of Man by Nature.* 33

Those who are whole need no Physician have,  
The sick and wounded soul Christ came to save:  
What dost thou judge thy present state to be?  
How does it stand, and is it now with thee?


*Youth.*

I am a sinner and my heart doth bleed,  
My sin-sick soul doth a sweet Saviour need,  
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,  
And grievously for sin doth me turmoil.

*Truth.*

No Saviour you can have unless you do,  
Resolve to leave your sins and let them go.  
Nor for your Wounds is there a help besure,  
'Till Causes be remov'd which do procure,  
And bring on you that pain and bitter smart,  
Which you cry out has seiz'd upon your heart.

*Youth.*

My trembling Soul amaz'd and fill'd with fear  
Another way,  Truth, my course I'll steer.  
I must forsake all evil Ways, for I  
Do see the Danger and the Misery,  
Which doth attend the Way that I am in,  
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed sin.

There's scarce a night which passes o'er my Head  
But dread I do the making of my Bed,  
(E're morning comes) in the sad depths of Hell,  
My Conscience therefore now does me compel  
To bid adieu to all sweet Joy and Pleasure,  
To lyes and Fraud, and all unlawful Treasure.  
In Sports and Games, I'll take no more delight  
But otherwise I'll pray both Day and Night.

C

Conscience

*Conscience* has overcome me with his Gripes,  
*Truth* follows him so with his threatening stripes  
 The Wall's broke down the Old-man runs away  
 And *Conscience* follows close to cut and slay.  
 He threatens too he will no Quarter give,  
 And seems before him every thing to drive.  
 Lust forced is in Corners for to fly,  
 Where it doth hide it self most secretly ;  
 And watches also thinking for to get  
 An Opportunity once more to set,  
 And fall on *Conscience* which it doth disdain,  
 'Cause *Conscience* says Corruptions must be slain,  
 I side with him because I would I have peace,  
 But still 'tis doubtless when those Wars will cease  
 Devil.

What pity 'tis thy Sun should set so soon,  
 Or should be clouded thus before 'tis Noon ;  
 No sooner risen in thy Horrison,  
 And sweetly shines but presently is gone.  
 Shall Winter come before the spring is past,  
 And all its fruits be spoil'd with one sad blast ?  
 Shall that brave Flower which doth seem so  
 So quickly fade and wither quite away. (gay,  
 What pity is't that one so young as thee,  
 Shouldst thus be brought into Captivity ?  
 Hark not to *Conscience*, for I dare maintain,  
 'Tis better for to hug thy Sins again. (found  
 Thy *Conscience* youth thou hast too lately  
 Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a Wound.  
 Consider well, advise and thou shalt see,  
 My ways are best, come hearken unto me :



'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth and things  
Which prized are by Noble-men and Kings:  
Let not this Make-bate with one angry Frown  
Throw all thy Glory and thy pleasures down,  
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubled  
What satisfaction can you have or find, (Mind;  
But that which floweth from this World alone  
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime Throne.

The Hell thou fearest may be but a story,  
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory,  
If this don't startle thee then speedily,  
I will stir up some other enemy,  
Old man rouse up I charge you to awake;  
And Swiftly too, your Life lyes at the Stake;  
And Mistress Heart stir up your wilful will,  
Is this a season for him to sit still;

If unto *Truth* and *Conscience* he gives place,  
Our Int'rest will you see go down apace,  
Judgment is gone already and doth yield,  
And courage too I fear will quit the Field.  
Some sins are slain and in their Blood do lye,  
And others into holes are forc'd to fly.

As for Affection he doth hold his own,  
Tho' Conscience upon him doth sadly frown.

Remembrance will unto him traiterous prove,  
If I his thoughts from Sermons cann't remove,  
I'll make his mind run after things below,  
And raise up trouble which he did not know.

And will forget what lately he did hear,  
And cease will then his former thoughts to fear.

If I can please his sensual Appetite,  
There is no danger of a sudden Flight.

His Breast is tender apt to entertain.  
 The sparks of Lust which long he can't restrain  
 I'll blow them up and kindle them anew,  
 Then to conviction soon he'll bid adieu.  
 New objects I'll present unto his Sight,  
 In which I'm sure he cann't but take delight.  
 I have such hold of him there is no doubt,  
 But I once more will turn him quite about,  
 His old Companions also I'll provoke,  
 At's door again to give another stroke.  
 Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand  
 They can you see his spirit soon command.

*Youth's Old Companions.*

How do you Sir? What is the cause that  
 Can't here of late enjoy your Company. (we  
 It seems to us as if you were grown strange,  
 As if in youth there were some sudden change  
*Youth.*

I have not had the Opportunity,  
 Besides on me there does some Burden lye,  
 Which doth press down my Spirits very fore,  
 And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.

*Companions.*

I warn't you Sir, tis sin afflicts his Soul,  
 And he is going just now to turn Fool.  
 Come come away to age such Grief belongs,  
 To youth brave mirth & sweet melodious songs  
 Come drive away these thoughts with Pipe & Pot  
 Sing and Carouze till they are quite forgot,  
 The lovely strains of the well-tuned Lute,  
 Where Plays they act, do with my nature sute.  
 Come

*The Youth overcome by Temptation.* 37

Come go with us upon a brave design, (thine  
The which will cheer that drooping heart of  
Come, generous soul, let thy ambitious eye,  
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defy.  
Shall thy heroick spirit thus give place,  
To silly dotage, to thy great disgrace?

*Ulcinus.*

The young-man yields, being possess'd with fears  
They would reproach him else with scoffs and  
But afterwards his head begins to ake, (jeers.  
And Conscience then begins afresh to wake,  
And stings him after such a bitter sort,  
It puts a period to his jovial sport. (presage;  
The thoughts of Death which sickness doth  
Doth trouble him he cannot bear the rage,  
And inward gripes of his enlightned breast,  
And therefore now again he think's 'tis best,  
To hark to Conscience, whom he did refuse,  
And grievously did many times abuse.

*Conscience.* (dition

Go mourn thou wretch, for sad is thy con-  
Pour forth amain the water of contrition;  
Wilt thou appear to men, godly to be;  
When all is nothing but hypocrisy?  
Wilt thou to Truth so often lend an ear?  
And yet to Satan also thus adhere;  
You had as good have kept your former station  
As thus to yield afresh unto temptation:  
Go unto Truth, if God give space and room,  
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth. (lose

Come, come *young-man*, don't thy convictions  
But cherish them, and timely also chose  
The one thing needful, which alone is good,  
That *God* may wash thy soul in *Christ* his blood.  
Thy soul is precious and of greater worth,  
Than all the things that are upon the earth,  
For if that the whole world you now could gain  
And all the pleasures of it could obtain;  
And in exchange your soul should lose thereby,  
What would your profit be when you must die?  
When once thy soul is lost, thou loosest all:  
Oh! That will be a very dismal fall.  
Dost thou not know what I of Hell declare,  
Of th' hideous howlings of the damned there?  
How canst thou with devouring fire dwell,  
Or lye with devils in the lowest Hell?  
Those who do in their nat'ral state remain,  
Must live for ever in that restless pain;  
All fornicators, drunkards and the lyer,  
Must have their portion in the lake of fire;  
With thieves, revilers, and extortioners,  
And such who are most vile idolaters.  
The proud, the swearer and the covetous,  
God doth pronounce on them the self-same  
And those who live in vile hypocrisy, (curse:  
Or do back-slide unto Apostacy;  
Let such unto my present words give heed,  
Their pain and torment shall all men's exceed.  
What wilt thou do, or whither canst thou fly,  
Where canst thou hide from the great majesty.

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Who tries the reins and searches every heart  
Conscience declares that thou most guilty art  
Condemned soul, thou know'st that this is so,  
And this moreover will I plainly show,  
Will come to pass as sure as God's above,  
If from all sin with speed you don't remove:  
So sure as you do live, when you do die,  
To hell you go to all eternity :  
Except repentance in your soul be wrought,  
With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought  
You are the man for whom God did prepare,  
That dreadful Tophet where the damned are;  
The which is made exceeding large and deep,  
The damned in that doleful place to keep.  
Oh, call to mind what *Conscience* doth this day  
Charge you withal before you're swept away ;  
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,  
Till you into those scorching flames do fall ;  
What mercy is't that *Conscience* strives so long  
And his convictions still in you are strong.  
O fear, lest sin do fear your *Conscience* quite,  
And God also put out your candle light,  
He'll give you up unto a heart of stone,  
As he in wrath hath served many a one ;  
Then to repent it will be much too late,  
Such is the danger of a lapsed state.  
Young-men take heed you don't this work delay  
on't put it off until another day.  
Your own experience may discover this,  
Man's Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.  
Thy days on Earth alas will be but few,  
They fly away like to the morning Dew.

Like as the clouds and shadows swiftly flies,  
 Or dew doth pass so soon as Sun doth rise :  
 So fly thy days, thy golden Months and years,  
 Much like the blossom which most gay appears;  
 It on a sudden fades and does decay;  
 So youth oft-times does wither quite away.  
 Thy age thou dost unto the Spring compare.  
 And to the flowers that appear so rare.  
 From hence, O young man learn instruction now  
 Don't thy experience daily teach thee how  
 The flower withers and hangs down his head,  
 Which curiously of late so flourished ;  
 The meadows clad in glorious array,  
 But soon cut down and turned into hay.  
 Like Jona's gourd which sprung up in a night,  
 And perished as soon as it was light.  
 Or like a Ghost which quickly passeth by,  
 Or weaver's shuttle which he maketh fly :  
 Or as a ship when she is under sail,  
 Doth run most swift when she has a full gale.  
 So are thy days they in like manner fly :  
 How many little graves may'st thou espy ?  
 Come measure now thy days & see their length.  
 Number them not by years, by *health nor strength*  
 Oh ! these uncertain rules you must refuse,  
 Tho' that's the way which most of men do use,  
 They think to live till they old-aged are,  
 Cause their progenitors long lived were.  
 To rule from Truth you see doth greatly vary,  
 That which experience sheweth is contrary.  
 You hear the things which you should reckon by  
 Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.

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Thy life's uncertain, *Youth*, 'tis but a blast,  
 Thy sand is little, long it will not last;  
 Thy house, though new, yet it is very old,  
 Gone to decay and turning into mould.  
 You're born to dye, and dead also you were,  
 Before you liv'd or breathed in the air;  
 And die you must before that live you do,  
 Except you die to live as I do show:  
 Thy dreadful ruin, soul is very nigh,  
 Unless thy tears prevent it speedily.  
 What is thy purpose now, what's in thy mind?  
 Which way dost think to take, how art inclin'd  
*Youth.*

Thy ways, *O Truth*, I am resolv'd to run,  
 And never more will I to folly turn.  
 I tremble at the thoughts of death and hell,  
 My soul is wounded and my wounds do swell,  
 My pains increase, therefore my purpose now,  
 Is far more strict to be, and far to bow,  
 Unto *Christ Jesus*, that I may obtain,  
 Some healing med'cine to remove my pain.  
 No rest can I save in my duty find,  
 I unto pray'r am very much inclin'd,  
 God will I hope these latter sins forgive,  
 Since I more godly do intend to live:  
 And so resolve to watch and take such care,  
 That Satan shall no more my soul ensnare,

*Vicinus.*

He from this day becomes a great professor  
 Though far from being yet a true possessor;  
 Christ he has got into his mouth and head,  
 And not internally rais'd from the dead.

But

42 *The Youth blinded in Hypocrisy.*

But in old *Adam*, still he does remain,  
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.  
When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,  
The soul into its former state to drive ;  
But that it will forsake cross wickedness,  
And will also the truth of CHRIST profess ;  
He yields thereto resolving secretly,  
To blind its eyes in close hyypocrisy ;  
And so appear under a new disguise,  
Most subtilly the soul for to surprize ;  
Persuading him the war which he doth find  
Daily to be within his troubled mind,  
Is saving-grace against iniquity,  
Which has prevail'd and got the victory ;  
When it is common Grace (we do so call)  
And not the Grace that's Super-natural.  
He takes the work of Legal Reformation,  
For th' only work of true Regeneration.  
Here he doth rest and seem to be at ease,  
When all is done his Conscience to appease,  
But I'll give place to this religious Youth,  
To hear discourse between him and the *Truth*.

*Youth.*  
Oh ! happy Land blessed be the Day,  
That unto *Truth* and *Conscience* I gave way,  
I would not be in my old state again,  
If I thereby some thousands might obtain.  
From wrath and hell my soul is now set free,  
For I don't doubt but I converted be.  
The word with power so to me was brought,  
A glorious change within my soul was wrought  
Truth



**Truth.**

Young-man take heed lest you mistaken are,  
Conversion's hard: It is a thing so rare,  
That very few that narrow passage enter, (ture,  
Tho' for that way, there's thousands do adven-  
Yet miss their mark for all their inward strife,  
They fall far short of the new creature life,  
Come let me hear your grounds or evidence,  
For I don't like your seeming confidence.  
I doubt I shall find you under God's curse,  
And still your case as bad if not much worse,  
Than 'twas when you did no profession make,  
But did your swing in all prophaneness take,  
The Pharisee was a religious man,  
Yet nearer heaven was the Publican.  
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,  
I will be your ruin and your overthrow.

**Youth.**

What do you mean? this Doctrine's too fe-  
For all might see that I converted were (vere  
But if my grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,  
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;  
And the first ground which I resolve to bring,  
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,  
Is from conviction which I have of sin,  
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

**Truth.**

Poor Soul, alas! this reason soon will fly,  
For most do see their vile iniquity.  
They are convinced by their inward light,  
That sin is odious in JEHOVAH's sight.

But

44 *The danger of false Foundations.*

But yet vile sinners are nevertheless,  
They don't one dram of saving grace possess.  
King *Pharoab*, *Esau*, yea and *Judas* too,  
They were convinced of your sins they know :  
That they were saints there's no man doth be-  
For all those three the devils did deceive. (lieve  
As he beguiled them he may likewise,  
With cunning stratagems thy soul surprize,  
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,  
Unless you do some better reason urge;  
To prove conversion in your soul is wrought,  
I do declare your state is very nought.  
How many men under conviction lye,  
Yet never born again until they die ?  
What hast thou else to say, or to produce,  
Since slight convictions are of little use ?

*Worth.*

I do not only see my sin, but I  
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually ;  
And those which so do mourn they blessed are,  
Don't you also the self-same thing declare ?

*Truth.*

Nay hold a little, thou may'st weep amain,  
Yet still in thee may many evils reign.  
Thou mayest mourn for sin as many do,  
Because of shame, of bitter pain and woe ;  
Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th end,  
And not because thereby you do offend  
The Living God, and wound your Saviour, who  
Did for your sake such torments undergo.  
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come there-  
Than for th' evil which in it doth lye : (by  
This

This ground is weak, for *Esau* it appears,  
Did mourn and weep and let fall bitter tears,  
And yet you know that *Esau* was prophane,  
And far was he from being born again.

Worth.

But I go farther yet I do confess,  
My horrid evils and my Guiltiness,  
If I confess my sins as I have done,  
G O D he is just and is the faithful One,  
Who will my sins forgive and pardon quite,  
He'll blot them out of his most precious sight:  
This being so, What cause then can you see,  
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity ?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain Ground ;  
Some do confess their sins whose hearts unsound  
When *Pharoah* saw the Judgment of the Hail,  
His Heart began then greatly for to fail.  
Iv'e sinn'd this time, the Lord is just said he,  
I and my people also wicked be.  
Tho *Pharoah*, *Saul*, and *Judas* each of them,  
God did reject, and utterly condemn,  
Yet these when under Wrath are forc'd to cry  
Lord we have sinn'd, their *Conscience* so did fly  
Into their Faces that it made them quake,  
And unto God Confession strait to make.  
Confession also may be made in part,  
And not of ev'ry sin that's in the Heart.  
Men may confess their sins and their great guilt  
Who the dire Nature of it never felt,  
Confess their sins in their extremity,  
When *Conscience* pinches them most bitterly.  
Confess

46 *The wicked confess their Sins.*

Confess their sins which they committed have,  
Yet don't intend those cursed sins to leave.

*Truth.*

But I confess and also do forsake,  
My state therefore you 'tis clear do mistake :  
Those who confess and do their sins fore-go,  
God will to them his precious mercy show,  
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,  
I for my part am truly born again.

*Truth.*

In this also you may deceived be,  
Men may forsake all gross Iniquity.  
Yet in their Souls may some sweet morsels lye,  
Which they may hug and keep close secretly ;  
They may sin leave but not as it is sin,  
Which has too often manifested been :  
If the least sin thou dost forsake aright,  
All sins would then be odious in thy sight,  
Judgment and reason may your sins oppose,  
And utterly with them refuse to close.  
Yet may thy Will and thy affections joyn,  
To favour still and love those sins of thine.  
If sin's not out of the Affections cast ;  
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last :  
If sin's i'th' Will, and in th' Affections found,  
'Tis a true sign their hearts are quite unsound.  
Like to the Sea-men some Professors do,  
Who over-board some goods are forc'd to throw  
*When they do meet with storms and with bad weather*  
Lest all their Goods and ship doth sink together  
When in the Soul great storms and tempests  
The Devil then may subtilly advise.

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The



The Soul to throw some of his Sins away,  
To make a Calm that so thereby he may,  
Persuade the Soul the danger is quite gone,  
And that the work in him is fully done,  
'Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,  
But every sin you must resolve to heave,  
And cast o'er-board, yea, and that willingly,  
Or else you sink to all eternity.  
Not by constraint as conscience doth compel,  
As some are forc'd to do who like it well,  
Who leave the act but love it to retain ;  
Such leave their sins and yet their sins remain.

*Youth.*

These are hard sayings which you do relate,  
And I indeed should question my Estate,  
Were't not for other grounds & reasons clear,  
By which I know that I converted were.  
Sir, there's in me a very glorious Change.  
Most Men admire it and do think it strange,  
That one who lately did both scoff and jeer,  
Those men and people which I now do hear,  
And follow'd Vice and ev'ry vanity,  
Should on a sudden thus reformed be,  
And utterly my self also deny,  
Of my sweet Joys and former Company,

*Truth.*

From outward filthiness a Man may turn,  
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done  
A Legal Change I grant he may be under,  
Yet may not soul and self be cut asunder.  
An outward change in men there may be wrought  
When yet their hearts within be very nought.

The

48 Conscience forceth to leave Sin.

The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,  
 May washed be and still remain a Sow.  
 Persons may cleanse the outside of the Cup,  
 And Dogs may spew their nasty Vomit up;  
 But yet do keep their beastly Nature still,  
 And e're a while they manifest it will.  
 Many Professors fall away and dye,  
 For want of being changed thorowly.  
 The *Pharisee* was chang'd he did appear,  
 Indeed as if a precious Saint he were.  
 He differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,  
 He thought himself a far more happy Man.  
 But all this was in shew and not in heart,  
 He therefore had in Christ no share nor part.  
 Except your Righteousness doth his excel,  
 You in no wise shall in God's Kingdom dwell.  
 'Tis a false change and cannot be a true,  
 Unless you are in all things wholly new.  
 Old *Herod* will reform in many things,  
 When once he finds his Conscience bites and  
 To hear *John Baptist* also was he led, (stings.  
 Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his head.  
 So far this seeming Saint was turn'd aside,  
 That he also our Saviour did deride.  
 And then his Men of War set him at nought,  
 Whilst accusations they against him brought.  
*Simon* the Sorcerer also you read,  
 Was changed so he gave great care and heed,  
 To *Philip's* Preaching, yea, and suddenly,  
 He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery.  
 But was a cursed Caitiff all the while,  
 Like a Sepulcher, painted inward vile.

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Another man in shew, 'tis like thou art  
 Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart,  
 Men in thy life may no great blemish spy,  
 Yet in thy breast much rottenness may lye.  
 Towards all men thy Conscience may be clear,  
*Conscience* so far for thee may Witness bear,  
 That you in Morals it doth not offend;  
 Yet unto God it may not you commend,  
 But otherwise it in your face may fly,  
 And you condemn for sin continually;  
 For secret evils which 'tis privie to,  
 Which none knows of, save only God and you,  
 Therefore O young-man! if you look about,  
 Of your Conversion you have cause to doubt,  
 Satan so greatly may your heart deceive,  
 That not one dram of grace thy soul may have,  
 Which saving is, and of the purest kind,  
 For that, alas! there's very few doth find.

*Youth.*

But I am call'd of God and do obey  
 The voice of *Truth* and *Conscience* every day.  
 God's called one I'm sure you can't deny  
 But they are such whom he doth justify.  
 Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,  
 That grace alone hath made me penitent.  
 My heart is sound, my graces true also,  
 My confidence there's none shall overthrow.

*Truth.*

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a sad sign  
 For fears attend where saving grace doth shine,  
 I tell thee, *Youth*, that many called be,  
 But few are chosen from Eternity.

D

*Juda*

*Judas* was call'd, and did obey in part;

And yet he was a Devil in his heart.

There is an outward and an inward call,

The latter only is effectual.

Therefore you must produce some better ground

For this don't prove that your conversions sound

But that thou may'st stick fast still in the birth,

Or prove abortive when thou art brought forth

'Tis rare, O *Youth*, for to be born a-new,

And hard to find out when the work is true:

*Youth.*

Though it be so, what cause have I to fear,

When that my Evidences are so clear?

I do believe, and trust in God through Faith,

And he which so doeth, the witness hath,

Within himself, and shall assuredly

Be saved also when he comes to die.

*Truth.*

Thou may'st believe, as most of people do,

And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.

The faith of Credence, it is like you have,

Which cannot quicken, purify or save.

Some *Jews* believ'd in Christ you also find,

Yet to their lusts their hearts werethen inclin'd

And out of Satan's Kingdom were not freed,

Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed,

*Simon* the Sorcerer he did believe.

Yet did his soul no saving grace receive?

But was a Child of Satan's ne'ertheless,

And still was in the Gall of bitterness:

The stony ground with joy receiv'd the seed,

And for a time brought forth as you may read:

And



And yet their hearts *they were* but hearts of stone  
 Their faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone.  
 The Devils do believe as well as you,  
 Yea, and confesse, that Jesus they do know;  
 They tremble also when some men can't say  
 They ever did unto this present day.  
 Such faith as Devils have, most men obtain,  
 Which serves for nought save to augment their  
 If on a death-bed Conscience do awake, (pain  
 'Twill cause them then to tremble and to quake  
 And roar like Devils when they do espy  
 The dreadful Wrath of that great Majesty,  
 Whom they offend, and against purest light,  
 And knowledge too most wickedly did flight.  
 This faith will serve their grief to aggravate,  
 But not to help them out of that Estate.  
 'Tis easie to believe that Christ did die,  
 But hard his Blood in truth for to apply.  
 Men may raise up the dead to life again,  
 As easie as true saving faith obtain  
 By their own power, and inherent skill,  
 Nought doth oppose *it more than man's own will*,  
 Until Almighty Power makes it bend,  
 'Twill not to Grace, nor Jesus Condescend  
 That pow'r which rais'd up Jesus from the dead  
 Work's faith in saints whereby they'r quicken'd  
 The faith of Credence and Historical,  
 Is easy had, I ne're deny it shall;  
 But precious faith, the faith of God's Elect,  
 As 'tis a Grace and gloriously bedeckt  
 With other Graces, so, 'twill never grow,  
 But in the honest heart where God doth sow

Th is blessed seed, which like a garden pure;  
 Do th yield its fruits to the last you may besure  
 And when this Faith is wrought in any soul,  
 It t hrows down self, and wholly then doth roul  
 On Jesus Christ that beloved one,  
 On whom it rests, and doth depend alone:  
 If God has wrought this precious grace in thee,  
 Sin thou dost hate, yea, all iniquity;  
 And lust doth not predominate and reign,  
 If thou by faith art truly born again.  
 Christ thou exalt'st as he is priest and king,  
 And as a Prophet too in ev'ry thing;  
 He does in thee wholly the scepter sway,  
 And thou art govern'd by him ev'ry day,  
 Sin can't pr'vall such is thy happy case,  
 If thou hast gotten this victorious grace.  
 It purges and doth purify the heart,  
 Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry part:  
 Men by its fruits true faith do come to know.  
 And by their works the same do also know,  
 What faith is thine? *what thinks thou now of it?*  
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit,  
 Examine thy estate and take good heed,  
 To close with Jesus Christ and that with speed  
 For as the body without the spirit's dead,  
 The same of faith you know is also said,  
 Without obedience doth thy faith attend:  
 Yet for all this you'll perish in the end.  
 Yours.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn  
 In fellowship with saints, *(such faith is mine?)*

I willing am to do, as to believe,  
The Devil can't therefore my soul deceive;  
For I have clos'd with Christ already so,  
That none my Faith shall ever overthrow.  
The many pray'rs I make both day and night,  
Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.

*Truth.*

I tell thee, soul, men may do more than this,  
And yet they may of true conversion miss.  
God's Ordinances many do obey,  
And members of his holy Church are they,  
And of its Priviledges seem to share,  
As if that they converted truly were.  
They may discourse, and seem to be devout.  
And may not be discerned, nor found out:  
They with the flock may walk, lye down, and  
And so remain till many years succeed, (feed,  
Nay, not discover'd be, until they stand  
Among the Goats at Jesus Christ's left Hand.  
The foolish Virgins join'd themselves with wise  
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise;  
Before the Bridegroom came, their case was sad  
For they nought else but empty Vessels had.  
A bare Profession, and a meer outside,  
And did no Oyl, no saving Grace provide.  
Many great preachers, and disputers too,  
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew;  
Tho in his name they mighty works have done,  
He'll to them say, *Ye wicked ones be gone.*  
*I know you not therefore be gone from me,*  
*All you vile Workers of Iniquity.*

54 *Hypocrites not easily discerned.*

You say oft-times you seek the Lord in Prayer  
 That you may do and let fall many a Tear,  
 And yet not be in a converted state;  
 For many seek with Tears when 'tis too late.  
 Others, like Sea-men in a Storm do cry,  
 When Conscience doth rebuke them bitterly;  
 And some under afflictions cry and howl,  
 And grievously their state do then condole;  
 They promises and resolutions make,  
 That they such courses will no longer take;  
 But when the storm and the afflictions o'er,  
 They are as bad nay worser then before.  
 Some pray in form and others pray by art,  
 And some to mend the badness of their heart;  
 Their hearts are wounded and then speedily,  
 Their prayers to heal it, they do strait apply.  
 They sin by day, and pray when it is night:  
 They sin again, but pray'r doth heal it quite.  
 They think 'tis well if tears they can let fall,  
 Their tears and pray'rs they think will cure all  
 And so that way poor Conscience they beguile,  
 They silence him yet sinners all the while;  
 Their pray'rs, alas can't wash their filth away,  
 Tho' they do nothing else both night and day.  
 'Tis on their pray'rs they rest, and do depend,  
 Which like a broken staff, they fall i'th' end.  
 A Saint at pray'r no rest nor ease can gain,  
 Unless Christ's blood thereby he doth obtain;  
 And Grace also, his sins to mortify;  
 For Christ, as well as pardon he doth cry:  
 But otherwise it is with most of men,  
 They cry for pardon and do also then.

In



In their vile Hearts regard iniquity ;  
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.  
Their prayers are to God abomination,  
Whilst they do hide & cover their transgression  
Some out of custom do perform their pray'r,  
Not out of Conscience, or from Godly care ,  
And others also for vain glory sake,  
Like *Pharisees* they many prayers make.  
In sight of men, in publick such will pray,  
But in the Closet little have to say.  
And some to God also seem to draw near,  
Yet not in love nor out of filial fear, (*show*  
*They with their mouthes and tongues much kindness*  
When as their hearts are fix'd on things below.  
'Tis for the heart that Christ doth chiefly call,  
And reason 'tis that he should have it all ?  
For he the same did buy and purchase dear ;  
Yet Satan has the chief possession there.  
God at the door, and in the porch doth stand,  
Whilst Satan may the bravest room command.  
They'll ope to him and keep *Jehovah* out,  
And yet in pray'r they seem to be devout.  
There's some will pray, and up this duty keep  
When th' soul is quiet, and the body near asleepe  
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently.  
In faith, in truth, and in sincerity.  
Their pray'rs are sin, and them God will not hear  
Nor mind their cry *when they to him draw near*,  
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,  
But how also each Duty you should do.  
For men may pray, read, hear, and meditate,  
And yet be in an unconverted state.

56 *The Prayer of the Wicked is Sin.*

They outwardly may many truths profess,  
But not in heart, th' pow'r of them possess.  
The lawi'th' Letter keep, yea, have the shell,  
Yet feed on husks, and want the true kernel:  
The Young-man which to Jesus Christ did run,  
He many things as well as you have done,  
And yet fell short as you may plainly see,  
Of the chief part of true Christianity.

What say you now, O Youth, do you not fear,  
That you by Satan much deceived are?  
Have you no *Dalilah*, which secretly  
Doth in your heart, or in your bosome lye?  
Don't you to sin some secret love retain:  
If it be so, you are not born again.

*Conscience*, I fear, and God's restraining Grace,  
Has only stop'd you in your former race.  
Like to a Dog, that's kept up by a chain,  
So *Conscience* does from sin oft-times restrain;  
But if the chain should slip, then loose he goes,  
And presently his churlish Nature shows.

To your own righteousness do not you trust,  
I hear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.

Don't you conclude God is Oblig'd to you,  
Since you have let so many evils go?

And are so holy here of late become,  
Are not your Duties set up in the room,  
And place of Christ? O see you do not make  
A Saviour of your own, for Jesus sake.

Did ever sin sinful to you appear,  
And, as 'tis sin, to it great hatred bear?

Would you not sin, were there no hell of pain,  
Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?

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Rather, is't not thro fear of Punishment,  
That you of late seem thus for to relent?  
Or doth there not some carnal base design,  
Move thee so far unto God's Truth to join?  
Is not thy End to get a Name thereby?  
Or only done Conscience to Satisfy?  
Or done to free thee from reproach or shame;  
Which sin doth bring upon a person's Name.  
Hast not it done, and wisely cast about,  
This way, for to prevent a Bankrupt?  
Or done for to augment thy outward store?  
To save thy stock, and add unto it more?  
For riotous living which attend thy age,  
Consumes apace, and want it doth presage.  
Come I speak, O Youth, and be not thou unfree,  
To let me understand how 'tis with thee.  
Come call to mind, what thou hast heard of late  
And thereby judge of this thy present state.

Worth.

I do not see but my condition's good,  
I have such hopes and faith in Christ's dear blood  
Though many Imperfections I do see,  
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.  
For many failings there are in the best,  
What is amiss I'll mend, and so do rest.

Truth.

Thy hope will fail, like to a Spider's Web,  
Thy flood of confidence will have its Ebb,  
If thou prove guilty of those things which I  
Did unto thee so lately signify.  
Thy Spots will not be like the Spots of those  
Which God for children to himself hath chose,  
And

58 *The hope of Hypocrites doth Perish.*

And since you are so loth for to be try'd,  
 And least you should also some evils hide;  
 To Conscience I'll appeal you have done wrong  
 To stop his mouth and hinder him so long;  
 He's so enlightned now, he can declare,  
 As much as we at present need to hear,  
 He'll speak the truth and his opinion show,  
 And nothing will he hide which he doth know.  
 If unto him you do attend with care,  
 Of other Witnessess no need is there.  
 If he, O Young-man, be but on your side,  
 And is your friend, you need none else provide,  
 But if against you, and do prove your foe,  
 'With vengeance then besure down will you go.  
 Bur if you will not hear what he shall say,  
 He'll make you tremble in the Judgment day.

*Conscience*, I do i'th' name of the great King,  
 Require you forth your Evidence to bring  
 Against this man accuse or set him free,  
 According as you find his state to be;  
 Stand up for *Christ*, your dread and sovereign Lord  
 And judge for him, as he doth light afford.  
 Be not deceived by lust, a bribe to take,  
 But judge by Law, *Christ's* honour lyes at stake  
 For to speak home, and loud have you forgot?  
 Is he converted now or is he not.  
 What do you say your testimony give,  
 Is all sin dead, or doth there any live?  
 Is he New-born, and chang'd in ev'ry part?  
 Or is't in shew only and not in heart?

*Conscience.*



Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your command,  
 And you shall hear how things at present stand.  
 He hath, O Truth, almost deceived me.  
 By's late pretences unto sanctity.  
 But having now a fresh receiv'd more light,  
 I must declare he was a Hypocrite.  
 He's not renew'd, or truly born again,  
 Which I to you shall clearly now explain.  
 For, first of all, his faculty call'd Will,  
 That is perverse and very wicked still,  
 Though I stir up to goodness every hour,  
 Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.  
 He'll never pray in private day or night;  
 But I must force him to't with all my might,  
 The old man is not slain, I do espy,  
 But has much favour shown him secretly,  
 Though I do force him into holes to run,  
 Yet he doth nourish him when all is done,  
 His love and his affection are for sin,  
 And so in truth they ever yet have been.  
 He's troubled more at sin because of guilt,  
 Than at the odium of its cursed filth.  
 When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,  
 Precise and zealous he is always then;  
 But when amongst such, who ungodly be,  
 He suits himself to their vile Company.  
 Some sins are left, which men condemn as gross.  
 Yet one he keeps and hugs it very close;  
 Lust doth bear rule, and much predominate,  
 And he on it doth love to ruminate.

'Tis

'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain,  
 Or else the act he would commit again.  
 If he from outward blots can keep his name,  
 That saint's can't him accuse; nor justly blame  
 He's satisfy'd, and very well content,  
 Tho to his peace I never gave consent;  
 Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his soul,  
 And scarce will suffer me him to controul:  
 When I sometimes do catch him in a lye,  
 And do reprove him for Hypocrisy,  
 To stop my mouth he vows he will with speed,  
 Amend what is amiss, and take more heed;  
 And more than this of him I could relate,  
 And shew how you have his his present state:  
 But that he will not suffer me to speak;  
 He blinds my eyes, that so I might not rake  
 Into his heart and life, lest he thereby  
 Meet with great shame for his Iniquity.

## Truth.

*Conscience forbear,* you need not to enlarge,  
 If you do lay these things unto his charge,  
 He is undone; alas, his precious Soul  
 Is under Wrath: Who can enough condole  
 His sad Estate? The Gospel he'll profess,  
 But still remain i'th' land of bitterness.  
 Is this the Saint which seemed so precise,  
 And did appear God's statutes much to prize?  
 A Saint in shew, a Devil in his heart,  
 And must with Devils also have his part;  
 This Day is coming, and is very near:  
 When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;

The

The everlasting burning fiery lake,  
Is made more hot on purpose for his sake.  
But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,  
Before we leave him quite do you go on;  
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know,  
What God may yet upon his spirit do?  
If God grant him one drachm of saving grace,  
That will yet do, though 'tis a doubtful case,  
Whither or no God will his grace afford,  
To such as he, who thus offends the Lord  
For such, whom Satan doth this way deceive,  
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.  
He never was convinced thoroughly  
Of sin and of his nat'ral misery.  
His lost estate he truly never saw,  
Nor what it is for to transgress God's law.  
How he's undone thereby he never knew  
Nor what for Sin-Original was due  
And as he did for sin ne'er kindly bleed,  
So of a Christ he never saw the need.  
The absolute and great necessity  
Of Jesus Christ he never did espy:  
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear,  
I do conjure you therefore to declare  
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,  
'And let him understand you are his foe,  
The plague is in his head and no place free,  
But in his heart it rages vehemently.  
Lance him into the quick and make him feel,  
Lay on such blows, as may cause him to reel.

*Conscience.*

*Conscience.*

Come, come, O young-man listen unto me,  
 I will no longer thus deceived be.  
 I from God's word, commission have a-new,  
 To tell thee what is like for to ensue;  
 For all thy hopes and seeming goodly show,  
 Thou art a wretched sinner thou dost know,  
 Think'st thou on Conscience to commit a rape  
 And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to Escape?  
 Dar'st thou again under a new disguise,  
 Encounter with those former enemies?  
 You are the same i'm sure although you have  
 Changed your coat poor mortals to deceive.  
 Ungodly wretch, dost thou not dread my name  
 Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim  
 A second War, and to declare also,  
 God's still thy enemy and bitter foe;  
 His sword is whet, his bow he'll also bend,  
 To cut down those that do like thee offend.  
 Nought he hates more than vile Hypocrisy,  
 And from his presence youth thou canst not fly  
 Youth.

*Conscience*, be still, though I a Sinner be,  
 There's none doth know it now, save only thee  
*Conscience.*

Deceived Soul doth none know it but I;  
 Where's the great God is he not also nigh?  
 Dost think, vain youth, the interposing cloud,  
 From God's all searching Eye can be a shroud?  
 Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,  
 That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy?

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63 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience?*

None know't but me, *know'st thou not who I am?*  
Have I not pow'r for to accuse and damn?  
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,  
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.  
And whilst I speak and thou dost stop thine ear  
Nothing but war and tumults thou wilt bear.  
I'll never side with thee nor take thy part,  
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.  
Nor would I mind thy flattery or Frown,  
Were thou the highest prince of *great'st* renown  
That ever did on earth a Scepter sway,  
Before thy face I would thy evils lay,  
At the least sin before I can't connive,  
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive:  
For where I am an enemy indeed,  
I'll plague that heart until I make it bleed,  
A close and secret foe, Young-man am I,  
Who am also with thee continually.  
What e're you think or speak, yea, act or do,  
Of it, poor soul, I very well do know.  
Thy secret Lust, and what is done i'th' night,  
Which thou ashamed art should come to light.  
I then am nigh and know it very well,  
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;  
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,  
When thou art brought into adversity.  
When death and sickness come, then thou shalt  
How thou with horror shalt amazed be. (see,  
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,  
For then against thee I will bring a charge.  
Which will make thy sad face like ashes look  
And wound thy soul, as if a knife was struck.

Into

94 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

Into thy very heart and make the mourn,  
And curse the day that ever thou was born.  
I'll make thee clearly understand i'th' end,  
What 'tis vile wretch, poor *Conscience* to offend  
Hark once again for I have more to say,  
When this Life's ended there's another day.  
Look now about thee *Truth*, for their's to come  
The black, the dark, the dreadful day of doom.  
When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy soul  
Whilst that in *flames* doth burn and doth condole  
It's damned state, for yielding unto sin,  
Which has alone the ruin of it been.  
And also when i'th judgment day you stand,  
Among the *Goat* at Jesus Christ's left hand,  
Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,  
Then I against thee straitways must appear;  
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can  
Because I am clouded by the fall of man;  
And am by Satan often-times misled,  
And utterly unable rendered,  
A true and right decision for to make;  
He so beguiles me that I do mistake,  
And a wrong judgment often-time retain,  
Till *Truth* sets me into the light again,  
But Satan then shall no more power have  
The heart of man for to deceive.  
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,  
For to confess with shame before the judge,  
Thy evil lust, and close hypocrisy,  
Unto thy own eternal misery,  
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,  
Thou shalt not have one word young man to say  
They

*The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 69*

Thy inward parts so open'd then shall be,  
That nothing shall be hid i'th least from me ;  
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show,  
All secret things that ever you did do ;  
And in your Face so fiercely also fly,  
That you with Horrour shall be forc'd to cry,  
*Guilty, guilty, O Lord !* then you must hear  
The dreadful Sentence which no one can bear ;  
*Go, go, ye Cursed ;* that's a word of Ire,  
And you must down into Eternal Fire,  
Where Hypocrites and Unbelivers lye,  
Broiling in pain to all Eternity.  
And as the Fire evermore will burn,  
And thou from thence shalt never more return,  
So also I shall then afflict thy Soul,  
Whilst thou in scalding Sulphur-flames dost roul  
I like a Worm or Serpent then will bite,  
And gnaw thy soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.  
Those inward stings which always thou wilt find  
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd Mind,  
Will then increase and aggravate thy Woe,  
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.  
You then will think how you did me abuse,  
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.  
And how you labour'd to Put out my Light,  
Who in God's Paths would lead your Feet aright  
Your base Delays and Put offs, you'll repent,  
And that your time so foolishly was spent :  
That you to Love, which unto Lust you bore,  
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.  
To think how near you were unto Salvation,  
Will prove another grievous Aggravation :

66 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

To bid so fair for Heaven yet to miss,  
What greater trouble can there be than this?  
To see the Ship i'th mouth of haven lost,  
That doth ye know, perplex the Merchants most  
I'll tell you also how you wilfully  
Brought on your self that dreadful misery:  
And how I did oft-times to you declare  
The bitter torments which you then must bear,  
And what your *Pride & Lust* will bring you to,  
If you did not resolve to let them go.  
Ah! thou wilt see that thou art quite undone,  
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.  
Thoughts of those Golden Seasons once you had  
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.  
*Thou might'st, had'st thou improv'd the means of*  
Beheld with Saints, God's reconciled face, (*Grace*  
And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing,  
Anthems of Joy, to the Eternal King:  
Thou might'st have sung to him *melodious Psalms*  
With those whose hands shall bear Triumphant  
Who with Eternal Love shall ravish'd be (*Psalms*  
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.  
Heav'n is a place whose Glory doth excel,  
The Thousandth part of it no Tongue can tell.  
Man's Heart, *Truth says*, can't in the least conceive  
What those shall have that truly do believe,  
Who would loose Christ, & his immortal treasure  
For one base lust, and moments time of pleasure?  
But if what's said of Heav'n will not invite thee  
Then let *hell-torments* with *black vengeance* fright  
*And make the yield to Truth without delay,* (these  
Before God puts a Period to thy days.



*The dreadful nature of a guilty Conscience, 67*

As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express  
The Glory which God's Saint's in Heav'n possess  
So there's no Man which can conceive the woe  
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.  
If men could number all the Stars in Heaven,  
Or count the dust with which the wind is driven  
Or tell the drops of Water in the Seas,  
Or count the Sands, than might a man with ease  
Declare the Nature of that dreadful pain,  
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.  
But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be  
Number'd by any One, neither can he  
Express the Nature of God's dreadful Ire,  
Which Souls lie under in Eternal Fire.  
In Hell all's Darkness not one beam of Light,  
What's greater Sorrow in Eternal Night?  
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,  
Nought there is heard but almost hedious crying  
Their pains end not, *from it there's no exemption,*  
Their cries admit no help, *there's no redemption;*  
Nor none to pity them nor hear their Groans,  
Whilst they do make their lamentable Moans.  
The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoyce to see  
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be  
Vessels of Wrath; who for rejecting Grace,  
Must have their portion in that doleful Place.  
No earthly Pain or torments can declare  
The woful anguish which the damned bear:  
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,  
Infinite Punishment 'twould not be then.  
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfy,  
And God besure will Justice magnifie.

68 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

Didst thou but hear the Groans and hideous cry  
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,  
How it would scare, and cause thy Heart to ach  
And ev'ry Limb to tremble and to quake !  
Think, think on this, before the time doth come  
That God doth pals on thee thy final Doom.

*Truth.* (peace,  
What say'st thou now? how canst thou sleep in  
Until these inward Gripes of Conscience cease?  
How can'st thou think i'th'least thy State is good  
When Conscience swells, & makes so great a flood  
Or raises storms and tempests in thy breast,  
Because of Sin he will not let the rest.

Come, make a search, Conscience is not misled,  
The very Truth before you he has spread.  
What will you do at Death and Judgment day  
If Conscience thus you slight and disobey?  
Make Peace with God, for worser are his cries,  
Than if Ten Thousand Witnesses arise  
Against thy Soul 'twill be a dreadful thing,  
To have thy Conscience then to bite and sting.

*Worth.*  
Some comfort, *Truth*, alas ! my Soul doth melt ;  
Such Gripes as these what Man has ever felt ?  
I have some doubt my State is very nought,  
And that Conversion is not truly wrought.  
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove,  
'Tis thou alone which canst my Grief remove.

*Truth.*  
Before you have a Plaister for your sore,  
Your Wound must yet be search'd a little more.

If

*The Young-man deeply wounded.* 69

If slightly heal'd only for present ease,  
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease. (ceive ?  
Dost know what time thou didst this wound re-  
'Tis worse far, I fear than you believe :  
'Tis deep, it stinks; yea, and 'tis venemous,  
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse.  
The sting or dart sticks in thy Liver sure,  
Which doth thy smart and bitter pains procure.  
Thy State is bad, thou hast thy mortal wound ;  
No Limb or any part of thee is sound ;  
If thou couldst live and never more offend,  
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.  
If from all actual Sin you might be clear,  
Yet by the Law you still most guilty are.  
Of former Crimes, Treason and Felony,  
And Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry ;  
Nor will she Pardon or Reprieve give forth,  
To any Sinner living on the Earth,  
Against thee too the Sentence is forth gone,  
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on ;  
Nought is between thee and Eternal Death,  
But some short Hours of uncertain Breath.  
Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,  
That in the least 'twould not Christ Jesus spare  
But Justice he must fully satisfy,  
Who came to be Man's blest security.  
And since in Christ thou hast no share nor part,  
See what a Self-condemned Soul thou art.

*Wouth.*

O cursed Sin ! is this my sad Condition ?  
*Truth*, I believe, has made a right Decision,

90 The Young-man dispaireth.

I have my Soul deceived all along,  
 Tho' in my Heart Convictions oft were strong.  
 Oh! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil  
 Is this the fruit of your sweet pleasing Evil;  
 And thou false World what art thou to me,  
 For I, alas, am ruined by thee,  
 O whither shall I fly? what Path untrod,  
 For to escape th' incensed wrath of God?  
 Will none for me some secret place provide,  
 Where I from flaming Vengeance close may  
*hide.* Truth. *(hide.)*

Vain is all this; for none can find a place  
 To hide from God such is thy bitter case;  
 If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,  
 Vengeance will you pursue with Hue and Cry;  
 If you should take a sudden hasty flight,  
 To seek some shelter in the shades of Night,  
 'Twould also fail thee, tho' it should be done;  
 For unto God Darkness and Light is one,  
 Or if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,  
 To hide the from God's dreadful Majesty.  
 Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain  
 The stroke of Justice and not fly in twain?  
 There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,  
 Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save  
 The Sea would part the hardned rock will split  
 Where Justice aims her fiery Darts must hit.  
 Canst thou escape? alas! what place is there  
 To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?  
*Truth.*

Oh Truth, what shall I do? how can I stand,  
 Or bear those tortures of God's heavy Hand?

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My Spirit may Infirmities sustain,  
But who can bear this inward cutting pain?  
Is there no help, no salve to heal my wound?  
What! no Physician for me to be found?  
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,  
*Watchings, Fastings*, nor hearing of the *Word*?  
Or if that I could live, and sin no more;  
O what is sin and what's my Gangrene sore?  
O what's the Nature of Iniquity,  
If nought my Soul can cleanse or purify?  
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold or Earthly Wealth,  
Will not redeem my Soul nor purchase Health.  
Ah! I am lost the cause is truly so;  
I am undone, and know not what to do:  
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?  
Oh! must I Die in this Extremity?

*Truth.*

Dost find thy self sick at the very Heart? (Smart?  
And doth my Searching make thy Wounds to  
Doth Sin as Sin upon thy Spirit lye?  
And doth its weight and burden make the cry?  
Dost know thy wound is Epidemical,  
And that for thee there is no help at all,  
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,  
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?

*Mouth.*

I know not what to say, I am in doubt,  
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.  
My heart is deep and very traiterous;  
Every Day I find it worse and worse.  
I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread,  
That I in Sin am greatly hardened.

Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me.  
 Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.  
 I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again;  
 Were there no Hell, or place of future pain:  
 O that e'er I against the Lord should sin,  
 Who has to me so good and gracious been!  
 Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,  
 Have I this horrid Evil often done.  
 Oh! I do see that I in sin am dead,  
 And my Iniquity's gone o're my Head,  
 As a great burden which I cannot bear,  
 Oh that I might but of a *Saviour* hear.  
 All my own Righteousness I prize no more,  
 Than stinking Refuse of a Common-shore.

*Truth.*

Come, *Youth*, cheer up if this be so indeed,  
 I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.  
 Glad Tidings now I unto thee do bring,  
 There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.  
 Christ, to appease God's wrath did hither come  
 And I am sent by him to call thee home.  
 Rise up, rise up, his Blood for to apply,  
 And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

*Youth.*

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say,  
 Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful Day.  
 Alas, on me a mighty burden lyes,  
 I cannot stir, nor power have to rise.  
 Can *Lazarus*, who in the Grave doth lye,  
 Deaths cruel Fetters and strong bands untye?  
 Can he awake? what pow'r has he to strive  
 When dead and stinks? alas, he can't revive,  
 Although

Truth directeth the Young-man: 73

Although but four days dead : how then shall I,  
Who have lain dead in mine Iniquity,  
Ever since *Adam*, as it plain appears,  
Which is indeed above Five Thousand years.  
*Jehovah* which at first my Heart did make,  
Must by his pow'r it into pieces take ;  
That so he may create my Heart anew,  
E're Good from Christ doth to my soul accrue,  
'Tis he must give me pow'r to will and do,  
And raise me up e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,  
And take thee Counsel which I'll give to thee ;  
And thou shalt find, as sure as God's above,  
He will thy Fears, and all thy Doubts remove,  
And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,  
And on a Rock also will set thy Feet.  
First thing of all, which to you I commend,  
Besure you don't your Conscience more offend.  
Do not grieve that but always take great care  
In ev'ry thing to prove your self sincere.  
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,  
No marvel 'tis if Christ do pass him by.  
In every nation those accepted are,  
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear.  
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,  
He will to them his saving help afford.  
I do exhort you in the second place,  
For to attend upon all means of Grace,  
Do not neglect to hear God's blessed word,  
But prize each season, which the precious Lord

Is

74 Truth directeth the Young-man.

Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to bestow,  
 For unto you thereby much good will flow,  
 My third Advice make use of speedily,  
 Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high.  
 Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day  
 And you'll prevail though he at first say nay.  
 Though you at first may with repulses meet,  
 Your Soul yet prostrate at J E H O V H's feet  
 He's full of Bowels, long he can't refrain,  
 E're he comes forth to ease you of your pain  
 Thy prayers and tears and spiritual contrition,  
 Will move his Heart to send thee a Physician ;  
 Who will apply a Plaister to thy Wound,  
 Which will hereafter ever make the sound.  
 Christ's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purify  
 If now the same by Faith you do apply.  
 Such grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good,  
 Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood  
 The good *Samaritan* will cast a look,  
 Though thou of Priest and Levite art forsook,  
 Into thy Wounds he'll put in Oyl and Wine,  
 The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine  
 O cry to God, my Sister grace to send,  
 'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend.  
 If God is pleas'd but to send her down,  
 Thy head with Glory she will straitway crown.  
 But here I'll advertise thee first of all,  
 Be sure you do for the right Sister call ;  
 For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,  
 The one is lovely Fair the other Lane,  
 The one is common the other chaste and pure,  
 And will be true to thee, thou may'st be sure.

The



Truth directeth the Young-man. 75

The one will dwell where Sin predominates,  
The other loaths and bitterly it hates :  
And make a thorow change *where she* doth dwell  
And will all filth out of that heart expel ;  
Where she doth take up her sure resting place,  
Rare is the Nature of true saving Grace,  
Thy stubborn Will she'll make for to submit,  
And thy Affections change as she thinks fit.  
Thy Heart she can new mold, and make it soft,  
And will bring down each *high* and *sinful thought*  
The Old man she will into pieces tare,  
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,  
That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,  
She'll put the Devil to a speedy flight ?  
She'll make him leave his strongest hold, & run  
And quite forsake his former Garison,  
She'll take no pity on the Old man's Age,  
She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage,  
And cursed Malice, Pride and ev'ry Sin,  
Which of long time he has the Author been.  
'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,  
And change his heart to keep an open House :  
To give and to distribute of his Store,  
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.  
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind  
Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.  
Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,  
And make the Liar always tell the Truth.  
'Tis she which makes the Froward very Meek,  
And the Revengful not Revenge to seek.  
'Tis she which quenceth young-man's lustful fire  
And make them to disdain that base desire.

'Tis,

'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defy  
 Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocrisy.  
 She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace  
 And inward Joy, which never more will cease,  
 'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee  
 And bring thy Soul out of Captivity:  
 'Tis she must thee adorn and beautify,  
 And make the lovely in Christ Jesus's Eye.  
 Oh! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious Love  
 To Christ alone, which none shall e'er remove.  
 'Tis she which ties that Conjugal blest knot,  
 What can't be broke or ever be forgot.  
 'Tis she that makes Christ & the Saints but one,  
 And makes them of his very flesh and bone.  
 'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,  
 Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.  
 And this to thee I also must declare,  
 Thou of this Grace shalt have a part and share,  
 Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,  
 He can't thy Soul of Saving-Grace deny;  
 Give him no rest till more he doth give forth;  
 For to compleat in thee the second Birth.  
 Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,  
 And thou like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.  
 Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,  
 Yet Importunity will make him hear.  
 Thy time, I'm sure, it is the time of Love,  
 And thy deep wounds will make him from above,  
 To pity thee and for to cast an Eye,  
 As thou polluted in thy Blood dost lye;  
 What e're is needful to thee he will give,  
 And raise thee up to Life, and make thee live.

Yea,

*The Young-man's Prayer.*

77

Yea, manifest to thee such Consolation,  
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.  
Come make a trial and do not dispair,  
Look up to Heav'n, Soul, thy help is there.

*Mouth.*

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,  
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed;  
I will send up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,  
And earnestly implore his Gracious Throne.

*Most holy God, who dwellest in the Light;*  
*Ah ! what am I before thee in thy sight ;*  
*Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry ?*  
*Thou know'st my Grief, and where my Pain doth lye,*  
*Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,*  
*Who in my Blood am forc'd to lye and roul ?*  
*Is there no Balm in Giléad, is there none,*  
*Into dark Silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.*  
*Where are thy Bowels is thy mercy fled ?*  
*Lord think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed.*  
*If thou canst not heal my Soul of all its Grief,*  
*Then let me Perish without all Relief.*  
*Why were thy Sides so pierc'd ? Lord Jesus, why*  
*Didst suffer for thine own Iniquity ;*  
*There was no Sin, I'm sure, nor Guilt in thee,*  
*That caus'd thy Pains, didst thou not die for me ?*  
*Didst thou not Justice fully satisfy,*  
*And pay the debt ? Must I in Prison lye,*  
*When Restitutions made i'th' highest degree ?*  
*Oh ! come and set my Soul at Liberty.*  
*Knock off those Bolts and Chains, and bring me forth*  
*Out of this Pit, deep Mire and Bands of Death.*

*Lord,*

## The Young-man's Prayer.

Lord, must I bleed? Did I not bleed before,  
 In thy sad Wounds? Can Justice Challenge more?  
 O shall my Heart-strings break? my Soul doth groan.  
 I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on.  
 Lord dost thou bear the Ravens when they cry?  
 And wilt thou not my wants supply?  
 Wilt thou the Door of Mercy ne'er unlock;  
 Lord open unto me, now I do knock.  
 O Son of David, help think on thy Word,  
 And unto me some Mercy, Lord afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry  
 What sinful wretch is in extremity,  
 That thus implores for help and follows me?  
 That takes no nay, although I silent be.

Youth.

Ah Lord 'tis a dejected piece of Earth,  
 That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.

Jesus.

Was I not only sent to Jacob's Race?  
 How com'st thou then to have so bold a Face  
 To importune me, when you know full well  
 You are not of the Stock of Israel?  
 Come are you not the cursed Gentile Seed?  
 Be gone from me and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help dear Lord, and some Compassion  
 For to whom else or whither can I go, (show;

Jesus.

Is't meat that I should give to Dogs that Bread;  
 With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.



*YOUTH.*

True Lord that I do grant, and ever shall  
Yet may the Dog's eat up those Crumbs that fall  
From there own Master's table : who's a Whelp,  
Look, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

*JESUS.*

What ailest thou, *poor Soul*, what's thy condition  
Which makes thee shed these Tears of sad con-

*YOUTH.*

My Grief, my Pain, and great Extremity,  
Lord thou dost know, and all my wants dost see,  
Ah ! I have sin'd, and am so vile and base,  
I hate my self and loath my present case.

I am a lump of Filth, wholly unclean,  
A viler Creature there has never been.

I languish, *Lord*, my Wounds they are not small,  
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

*JESUS.*

Come, cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost  
My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on fire ?

My Bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain  
From Tears as well as thee I am in pain.

Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry  
Doth pierce my Heart I know thy Misery.

What is it Soul ? speak forth thy mind to me,  
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee ?

Come ope thy heart to me for I am nigh,  
Thy suit to grant thy wants for to supply.

*YOUTH.*

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,  
Nor honours, which by Men so prized are.

Nor

Nor length of Days, Lord do I seek or crave,  
 'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have;  
 The Earth's a *blast*, and all the World's a *bubble*,  
 There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.  
 Such is my State nought but thy hands can save  
 'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave  
 Knock of these Bolts, and set thy Pris'ner free,  
 And give thy Grace, Lord Jesus unto me.  
 My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,  
 O spare my Soul, but crucify the Flesh;  
 Compleat thy Work, Lord Jesus, on my Heart,  
 And thy own Righteousness to me impart.  
 There's nought I see will do me any good,  
 Save the dear merits of thy precious Blood.  
 My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,  
 If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.  
 How hath my panting Breasts sent many a groan  
 With bitter Tears up to thy gracious Throne,  
 For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye?  
 There's nothing else that will me satisfy,  
 Oh! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,  
 For that will cure me and soon make me whole  
 My gasping Soul's dissolving into Tears,  
 Whilst pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with  
 My great Request, alas! is only this, (Fears.  
 Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet Kiss,  
 For nought there is on Earth, or Heav'n above,  
 Which I esteem or value like thy Love.  
 A Promise grant, some Word to lye upon,  
 Before my Life and little Hopes are gone.  
 My Souls afraid, and trembles thou dost see,  
 Because I know that I unworthy be.

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Ah ! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile ;  
 Thy frowns I do deserve, but not one smile.  
 How did I grieve and put thy soul in pain,  
 The thoughts of which doth cut my heart in  
 Thy messengers how did my soul refuse ? (twain.  
 And poor Conscience wickedly abuse :  
 Who did receive Commission from above,  
 Either to clear or sharply to reprove.  
 I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf Ear,  
 And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.  
 I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace.  
 Which makes me blush to view thy heavenly  
 If thou should'st pardon such a one as I, (face  
 And save my soul to all Eternity,  
 And me embrace in a contract of love,  
 And all thy wrath for ever quite remove,  
 It would be grace and love beyond degree,  
 And such which never can expressed be.  
 Oh wilt thou speak again, dear Saviour do,  
 A promise Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus. (believe ?

What faith hast thou, poor soul canst thou  
 And stedfastly by benefits receive ?  
 Dost think that I have power, and an heart,  
 To save, to help, to free thee from the smart ?

Mouth.

My faith alas is weak, O send relief,  
 Lord I believe, O help my unbelief,  
 That precious Voice which lately I did hear,  
 Will soon remove my doubts and all my fear.  
 If love as well as pity thou dost show,  
 Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.

But thou mayst, Lord my soul Commiserate  
 And yet may it be in a dying State,  
 Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,  
 Who had no saving Grace for to repent.  
 Is there in thee such Bowels of Compassion,  
 As to bestow thy self and thy salvation,  
 On such a Worm as I; whose wounded breast  
 Is heavy-loaded and would fane have rest?  
 O help dear Lord, my fainting soul will dye  
 Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look upon me and my love descending  
 'Tis from Eternity and has no ending.  
 Canst thou have more my soul, *thou hast my heart*  
 What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.  
 Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,  
 Not one of them unto thy Charge I'll lay.  
 Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good cheer  
 Thy sins though ne're so great forgiven are,  
 I able am to save to th' uttermost,  
 All those who do put in me all their trust.  
 Those who do come to me I in no wise,  
 Will cast them out therefore lift up thine eyes  
 Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt  
 For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy soul thro'out  
 Thy debts I've paid and quitted the old score  
 Thy former faults I'll ne'er remember more.  
 Take up thy lodging in Eternal Love,  
 What's here below thy treasure is above.  
 Cheer up poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine  
 My blood was shed to save that soul of thine.

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With endless joys thy soul I'll satisfy,  
And in my bosom ever shalt thou lye,  
In my enfolded arms I now thee take,  
And do engaged, I'll never thee forsake,  
In fire and in water I'll be near,  
And help thee thro' all grief and trouble here  
Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,  
And death at last I'll cause to be thy friend;  
And make its final passage unto thy,  
Only an entrance to felicity.

And with great glory thou shall crowned be,  
And on the Throne sit always down with me  
The world, death, nor the devil shall remove,  
My heart from thee, for those I truly love,  
I love to th' end: Ah Soul, 'tis you shall be,  
In my own Arms to all Eternity

**Fourth.**

Darkness is gone, day light begins to spring,  
Heav'n's melody I find's the sweetest thing.  
The sun is risen now, it's broken forth,  
And gloriously enlightens my dark Earth,  
My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,  
Yea dissolv'd with love and true delight,  
My heart is melted with coelestial fire.  
And has obtain'd at length its own desire.  
My frozen Soul must needs run down amain,  
Which such hot beams from Jesus doth obtain,  
The door is open'd Christ hath giv'n a knock,  
Has made it fly and has dissolv'd the Rock,  
My heart which was so hard, is made to yield,  
Christ has o'ercome me now and won the Field.

84 *The Young-man Converted.*

The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,  
A Peace is made to all Eternity,  
What joy is this ! ah, tis beyond all measure,  
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleasure  
As was my burthen foul so was my rest,  
O that was great and this can't be express'd.  
Once was I blind senseless bewitch'd, nay, mad  
I thought in Christ no comfort to be had,  
Religion was, I thought a foolish thing,  
Which could no pleasure nor no profit bring.  
I thought professors greatly were misled,  
When I beheld what things they suffered,  
But now I am convinc'd of my mistake,  
For I my self could for Christ Jesus sake,  
Any derision or affliction bear,  
Such inward peace in him and joy is there :  
What man would not all earthly glory slight,  
For one small dram or taste of such delight ?  
To have Christ's love and in his bosom lye,  
Yeilds true content and sweet felicity.  
O happy me, I live my soul involv'd,  
In secret measures, sighs to be dissolv'd,  
And be with Christ my home and resting place  
For to enjoy and see him face to face.  
And in the int'rim, Lord whilst here I stay,  
I faithfully will do what thou dost say.  
And help me Lord thy praise for to declare  
Unto all precious children far and near,  
O help me to lift up my voice on high,  
Let joyful hallelujah's pierce the sky.  
And eccho back again resound on earth ;  
Since thou hast wrought in me the second birth  
Let

*The Young-man Converted.*

85

Let me with the Cœlestial Angels sing,  
And make thy praises round the world to ring.  
Thou'st brought my soul out of the lowest pit,  
And on the paths of *Si on* set my feet,  
O let my tongue my heart and life make known  
The favour Lord which thou to me hast shown  
Let not remainders of the flesh disturb,  
My precious peace that's new, O do thou curb,  
Yea kill and crucify each evil thought,  
With vengeance let those rebels *down be brought*  
And let me on the earth live all my days,  
Unto thy Glory and transcendant praise.  
*And then great God when those short days are o're,*  
With Seraphims, i'll sing for evermore.

*Truth.*

What melody and triumph do I hear?  
Whose voice is this that soundeth in mine ear?  
What *Eagle-ey'd* soul's this that soars on high,  
That with swift wings aloft doth mount & fly,  
And in Eternal love seems to lye down,  
Adorn'd with *Grace*, and ravish'd with the *Crown*  
Of inward peace that taketh up its rest,  
At *Jesus Christ's* sweet satisfying breast,  
And breaketh forth in raptures can't express  
As he would do his humble thankfulness?

*Youth.*

'Tis I blest *Truth*, the conquest now is won,  
*Grace* has Prevail'd I am the conquer'd one.  
My grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my night,  
Is also chang'd into Eternal Light,  
*Thy power is Great when Grace doth work with thee*  
Ye soon do then obtain the Victory.

86 *The Young-man Converted.*

Blest be the day that ever thou wast sent,  
 To change my heart and move me to repent.  
 Dear Love to thee, O Truth I shall retain,  
 So long as I upon the earth remain,  
 I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my heart.  
 For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.  
 I'll lose my All before I'll part with thee,  
 So much I love and prize thy Company.  
 Though Satan stirs up foes never so cruel,  
 Devils nor men shall rob me of this Jewel.  
 I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to dye,  
 Before I will God's blessed Truth deny,  
 Though of deceivers there's a multitude,  
 Yet none of them shall my poor soul delude.  
 Tho' they do me reproach slight and contemn,  
 I by experience can refute all them. (are  
 Who say thy words nought but dead Letters  
 Which men may burn and into pieces tare ;  
 The outside of the Book they only see,  
 Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee,  
 For did they but the inward power know,  
 They'd never speak as often-times they do.  
 But soon they would God's holy word extol,  
 Above that light which they cry up in all,  
 The light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,  
 I'll always own so long as I do live.  
 For had we not God's word to light our hearts,  
 The heathen who do live in foreign parts,  
 Who never heard of Christ might understand,  
 As much as any do in this our land,  
 Alas ! we should have been unto this day,  
 In all respects as ignorant as they.

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But I'll forbear because I must with speed,  
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,  
To hear what he will say, O Truth wilt thou,  
Concerning me put forth thy judgment now?  
Let me intreat thee prove me thoroughly,  
For still I do retain a jealousy,  
Over my heart because I now have seen,  
How I deceived often-times have been.

Truth.

Conscience to thee I once more descend;  
The controversy thou alone must end,  
How is it with him now? What dost thou say?  
Hast any thing unto his charge to lay?  
Remember what I formerly have shown,  
*And let thy present thoughts with speed be known.*

Conscience.

I always ready am, Judgment to give,  
According to the light I do receive,  
And never was more free than now am I,  
My thoughts shew; your suit I can't deny,  
O Sir the case is chang'd, I am his friend,  
His sweet condition I must needs commend,  
Grace has subdu'd corruption in his heart,  
That he's made clean and wash'd in ev'ry part;  
My testimony you may have for truth,  
He's now become a very humble youth,  
He's truly godly, faithful and sincere,  
I do for him and shall my witness bear,  
All kind of evil doth his soul defy,  
He hates above all things hypocrisy,  
Will and affections too are changed quite,  
That in the Lord alone is his delight;

88      *The Young-men Converted.*

There's no command of Christ, not any one,  
 That he's convinced of, but he has done,  
 He faithfully also the Lord obeys,  
 Without Excuses, put offs or delays,  
 He grieveth most for sins that secrets are,  
 Which unto man doth not i'th least appear,  
 He's more in substance than he is in show,  
 When high'st in joy, his heart is very low,  
 All his own righteousness he doth disown,  
 And does rely on Jesus Christ alone,  
 Christ is become so precious in his sight,  
 He's first with him i'th' morn and then at night  
 He willingly has taken up the Cross,  
 He doth account what ever is but Dross,  
 He parts with it most freely Christ to gain,  
 Since he has found *Earth's* best enjoyment vain,  
 Christ he exalts as King, i'th' highest degree,  
 And gives each Office its Dignity.  
 Christ has in me set up his blessed Throne.  
 And over me no other King he'll own,  
 Christ must alone in me the Scepter sway,  
 And he will die before he will give way,  
 Christ's right and sov'reignty, in his dear soul,  
 He is resolv'd to suffer no controul,  
 In things alone which to me appertain,  
 For fear thereby Christ's Glory he should stain.

Truth.

Oh ! happy young-man blessed from above,  
 Blessed with Grace, and ravish'd with the love.  
 Of thy eternal Lord in whose sweet breast,  
 Thou now dost lye, and evermore shalt rest.

The

*The Young-man tempted by Satan.* 89

Thy honour's lasting, now it can't decay,  
Thy treasure's sure none can it steal away,  
Thy pleasures are beyond thought or conceit,  
And thy rare beauty is without deceit.  
Thy strength, thy wisdom, nor thy youth shall  
Nor can'st thou die, thou art immortal made. (fade,  
Eternal Life is given unto thee,  
And thou shalt reign to all eternity.

*Ulcinus.*

There's none on earth, that's able to express  
The inward peace this young man doth possess,  
Whilst to his joy he clearly doth espy,  
This blessed concord and rare harmony,  
*Conscience* and *Truth* most sweetly do agree,  
He's free from Bondage and Captivity,  
Christ's spirit doth with *Conscience* witness bear  
He's born of God, and is become an heir,  
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliss;  
What consolation can their be than this?  
But whilst thus fill'd with Joy and true delight,  
The Devils fall on him with all their might,  
With strong assaults his faith for to destroy;  
Which much abates and mitigates his joy,  
Which in some measure may to you appear,  
By what immediately doth follow here.

*Devil.*

(is mine

Hark, hark, thou cursed Wretch, vengeance  
And I'll repay it on that soul of thine,  
In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,  
If thou will not again submit to me.  
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,  
Nor all my Hellish fiends thy soul affright,

To

To leave those cursed ways in which you go ?  
 Then I'll some way contrive your overthrow,  
 Though out of your dominions I am beat,  
 And forced am at present to retreat,  
 Yet I'll return like to a Lion strong,  
 And break thy bones in pieces e're't belong,  
 Mouth.

Father of lies dost think I dread thy frown ?  
 'Tis past thy skill to throw my Glory down;  
 Thy head is broke thou art a beaten foe,  
 And chained up, alas ! thou canst not do,  
 According to thy wrath and cursed spight,  
 Christ's power's mine, who stronger is in might  
 Me he'll not leave though tempted am by thee,  
 Yet he knows how to help and succour me,  
 What matter is't although thou art enrag'd,  
 When the great power of heaven is engag'd,  
 To side with me always and take my part,  
 Tho' thou a Lion and a Serpent art,  
 Yet may'st as soon the Lord my God o'ercome,  
 As to produce and work my final doom,  
 So long as I do for his glory stand,  
 And am obedient to his best command.

Devil.

But I have so much craft and subtilty,  
 That I can make the Lord thine Enemy ;  
 Tho' thou dost think he is become thy friend,  
 I'll by temptation move thee to offend,  
 Him e're't belong, and soon you will espy,  
 In's anger you he'll cast off utterly,  
 And then I'll rend and tare thee as I list,  
 And you shall have no power to resist.

Youth



Youth.

God has bestow'd on me his special Grace,  
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place,  
To thee O *Satan*, though thou dost intice,  
God will preserve my soul from deadly vice,  
But if through weakness him I should offend,  
In bowels he'll to me his pardon send,  
Christ is my advocate, God will pass by,  
All sins of weakness and infirmity,  
Although he use the rod, his precious love,  
I'm sure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fall, alas, black clouds will hide  
Your glorious sun your steps will quickly slide;  
Your morning's bright but soon will overcast,  
And all your joys will not one moment last,  
Tho' *Truth* doth now thy present state commend  
Yet you will find the proverb true in th' end,  
*That the young Saint will an old Devil be,*  
You'll die and perish in Apostacy.

Youth.

'Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,  
With malice thou stirr'st up thy bitter hate.  
Against my soul thou shew'st thy bitter spite,  
But thy vile teeth are broke thou canst not bite.  
Thou dost on me cast forth an envious frown,  
Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown,  
Because thy morning's turned into night,  
Dost think thou shalt my soul amaze and fright  
With such insnaring thoughts I thee defy,  
Nothing can break that blessed band and tie,

Or

Or covenant with Christ, with me he has made,  
 My standing's firm, my crown can never fade.  
 He that has in my soul his work begun,  
 Will finish it I'm sure e're he has done,  
 There's ne'er a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,  
 But he will keep, he has of them such hold.  
 That in the midst of danger they shall stand.  
 And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand  
 Tho' mountains shall depart and hills remove,  
 Yet Christ will never change in his dear love.  
 Nor cause his covenant of lasting Peace,  
 To be remov'd, or sweet mercy cease,  
 And Truth and Conscience jointly do agree,  
 That the new Birth is truly wrought in me.  
 Th' *immortal seed* I'm sure must needs bring forth  
 A Babe immortal, and my heav'nly Birth,  
 Doth show to all, and clearly signify,  
 I cannot perish in apostacy.  
 The head and members of one nature are,  
 Or else Christ's body a strange monster were,  
 As sure as he's in heav'n, so shall I be,  
 And reign with him to all Eternity.

*Devil.*

My words I see no place at all can find,  
 Within the centre of thy evil Mind.  
 I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful curse  
 Which is as bad as hell, nay, it is worse.  
 Than all the plagues of the infernal lake,  
 And let those who love me vengeance take  
 Upon so vile a Wretch, and though I do,  
 Forsake thee now within a day or two;

I'll

I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,  
Till thou of thy Repentance shalt repent.

*Truth.*

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious power  
Which helps my soul in such a needful hour,  
Of strong assaults from the vile wicked one,  
Thou help'st me to resist him and he's gone.  
Therefore dear God, be pleased to inflame  
My heart with Grace to magnify thy name?  
And when he comes again, O then be near,  
And let thy truth also for me appear,  
Tho I am young and weak, I shall thereby,  
Not fear th' assault of any Enemy.

Come, speak, O *Truth* wilt thou be on my side,  
'Tis in thy strength, I very much confide,  
Though I am feeble thou art rightly strong,  
And whilst for me there's none can do me

*Truth* (wrong

I will dear soul support thee hear on earth,  
And save thee from the rage of hell and death.  
I will assist thee by a mighty arm,  
And keep the day and night from hurt & harm.  
And with my glitt'ring sword cut down & slay  
All cursed Enemies who thee gain-say.

*Grace.*

If *Truth* would fail, I will thy wants supply,  
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency;  
Light I will be in darkness, joy in grief,  
And when in trouble great I'll bring Relief.  
If thou wilt always on my arm rely,  
The Devil will with speed be forc'd to fly.

Never-

Never on me did any Soul depend,  
 But they obtain'd deliverance in the end,  
 I'll help thy soul through all its christian strife,  
 And bring thee safe to everlasting life.

## Conscience.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an hand,  
 We'll all combine to make a trible band,  
 A three fold Cord, can't easily broken be,  
 I'll be a friend in thine adversity,  
 There's not a foe on earth thou need'st to fear,  
 So long as I for thee my witness bear.  
 That thou in truth dost walk before the Lord,  
 And that thy way doth with his word accord;  
 The evil foe shall be ashamed quite,  
 Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to the light,  
 And Satan never can get any ground,  
 Whilst I declare my tears are truly sound,  
 Cheer up poor soul, I'll feast thee constantly,  
 And plead for thee before the enemy,  
 My sweetest Wine also I'll keep to th' end,  
 At death I will thy soul with that be-friend,  
 God's word that is thy ground in ev'ry thing,  
 His glory is thy aim, from thence doth spring,  
 All service that thou dost towards the Lord,  
 His spirit therefore to thee he'll afford,  
 That doth bear witness for thee so do I,  
 And will also when thou com'st to die.



*The Young-Man's Experiencing Conversion truly wrought in his soul, and that he is delivered from the Power of the Tempter; breaks forth into these following Hymns of Prayer and Praises to God.*

*A Mysticle Hymn of Praise.*

**M**Y Soul mounts up with Eagles Wings,  
And unto thee dear Lord she sings.

Since thou art on my side,  
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,  
As soon as they do thee espy,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.  
Thou makest rich by making poor,  
By Poverty add'st to my store,  
Such Grace dost thou provide.

Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole,  
And heal'st by wounding of the Soul.

Thy Name be Glorify'd.  
Thou mak'st men blind by giving Sight,  
Thou turn'st their darkness into light,

These things can't be deny'd.  
Thou cloath'st the Soul by making bare,  
Thou givest Food when none is there,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.  
Thou killest by making alive.

Dying dost the soul revive,  
Which none can do beside.

Thou dost raise up by pulling down,  
And by abasing thou dost crown,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.  
By making bitter thou mak'st sweet,  
Thou mak'st each crooked thing to meet,

I'th' Soul when thou hast try'd,  
The Fruitless tree thou mak'st to grow,  
The green Tree thou dost overthrow,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.  
The Conquered the Conquest gains,  
By being beat the Field obtains,

Which

Which makes me therefore cry,  
Lord whilst I live upon the Earth  
Since thou hast wrought the second Birth,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou mak'st men wise by coming Fools,  
By emptying thou fill'st their souls,

Such Grace dost thou provide,  
By making weary thou giv'st rest,  
That which seems worst proves for the best,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou art far off and also near,  
And not confin'd, but every where;

And on the Clouds dost ride,

O! thou art Love and also Light,  
There's none can go out of thy sight :

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Lord thou art great and also good,  
And sitt'st upon the mighty flood,

By whom all hearts are try'd :

Though thou art Three, and art but One,  
And Comprehended art of none ;

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

*The excellency of Peace of Conscience.*

**M**Y Conscience is become my Friend,  
And chearfully doth speak to me,  
And I will to his motions bend,

Though that I should reproached be :

I matter not who doth revile,

Since Conscience in my face doth smile.

My Conscience now doth give me rest,

My Burden's gone my soul is free ;

Again I would not be oppress'd.

In the old Bands of Misery.

For Kingdoms nor for Crowns of Gold,

Nor any thing that can be told,

My Conscience doth with precious Food,

Keep my poor Soul continually ;

In Dainties also are so good,

All sinful sweets I do defy,

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*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply  
My wants, and me until I dye.  
My Conscience doth me chearful make,  
When I am much possess'd with Grief;  
And when I suffer for its sake,  
'twill yield me joy and sweet Relief;  
Though troubles rise and much increase,  
I in my Conscience shall have Peace.  
When others to the Mountains fly,  
and some amaz'd do tremble stand,  
A place of shelter there have I,  
and Conscience will lend me his hand,  
To lock me in his Chambers fast,  
Till the Indignation's over-past.  
At death and in the Judgment day,  
what would men give for such a friend?  
All those which do him disobey,  
they will repent, i'm sure, i'th' end,  
When such are forc'd to howl and cry,  
My soul shall sing continually.

*An Hymn upon the Six Principles of Christ's Doctrine.*

**R**epentance is wrought in my Soul,  
and Faith for to believe;  
Whereby on Jesus I do roul,  
and truly him receive.  
As my dread Lord and Sovereign,  
him always to obey.  
And in things over me to Reign,  
and govern Night and Day.  
Christ's Baptism is very sweet.  
with laying on of Hands,  
My Soul is brought to Jesus Feet,  
in owning his Commands.  
Those Ordinances Men oppose,  
and count as carnal things,  
I have cloas'd with, and told to those,  
From them rare comfort springs.  
My precious Lord I must obey,  
though Men reproach me still,

*Hymns and spiritual Songs*

I'll do whatever Christ doth say,  
and yield unto his Will,  
On Christ alone I do rely,  
Though Men judge otherwise;  
Because I can't God's Truth deny,  
I am reproach'd with Lyes.  
Let them deride yet for Christ's sake,  
resolved now am I,  
In his own strength the Cross to take,  
yea, and for him to dye.  
Before I'll ever turn my back,  
on him whom I do love,  
For I do know I shall not lack,  
his presence from above,  
For he has promis'd to the end,  
to me he will be near,  
And be to me a faithful Friend,  
which makes me not to fear,  
Whatever Men or Devils do,  
in secret place design,  
He soon can them quite overthrow,  
and help this soul of mine.  
The Resurrection of the Dead,  
I constantly maintain,  
When all those which lye buried,  
shall rise to Life again.  
And that the Judgment day will come,  
when Christ upon the Throne,  
shall pass a Black eternal Doom.  
upon each wicked one.  
But all the Saints then joyfully  
with Bowels he'll embrace,  
And Crowns to all eternity,  
upon their heads he'll place,  
And in the Kingdom shall they reign,  
prepared long before,  
And also shall with Christ remain,  
in bliss for evermore.

The



**T**HE Sun doth now begin to shine,  
and breaketh forth yet more and more,  
Meer darkness was that light of mine,  
Which I commended heretofore,  
I was involved in my sin,  
Had day without but Night within;  
My former days I did Compare,  
unto the sweet and lovely spring,  
I thought that time it was as rare,  
as when the chirping Birds do sing,  
But I was blind I now do see,  
There was no spirit nor light in me.  
My Spring it was the Winter time,  
yet like the midst of cold December,  
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,  
and also I do now remember,  
My heart was cold as any Stone,  
My Leaves were off and sap was gone,  
God is a Sun, a shield also,  
the Glory of the World is He,  
True Light alone from him doth flow,  
and he has now enlightned me,  
The Sun doth his sweet Beams display,  
Like to the dawning of the day.  
How precious is't to see the Sun,  
when in the Morning it doth rise,  
And shineth in our Horrison,  
to th' clearing of the cloudy Skies,  
The misty Fogs by his strong Light,  
Are vanish'd quite out of our Sight,  
Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,  
by his strong Beams and Glorious Rays,  
The light from Darkness clearly part,  
and make in me rare shining days.  
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do rise,  
He doth expel them from mine eyes.  
Were there no glorious Lamp above,  
what dark Confusion would there be,

If God should quite the Sun remove,  
 how would the Seamen do to steer?  
 My Soul's the world & Christ the Sun,  
 If she shines not I am undone.

In Winter things hang down their head,  
 until Sol's Beams do them revive;

So I in sin lay buried?

till Jesus Christ made me alive,  
 Alas, my heart was Ice and Snow;

Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow,

Until warm Gales of heavenly Wind  
 did sweetly blow and sun did dart,

Its light in me I could not find

no heat within my inward part:

Then blow thou wind & shine thou sun  
 to make my soul a lively one.

In nat'ral men there is a light;

which for their sins do them reprove,

And yet are they but in the Night,  
 and not renewed from above;

The Moon is given (it is clear)

To guide men who in darkness are,

The Sun for brightness doth exceed  
 the Stars of Heaven or the Moon,

Of them there is but little need,

when Sun doth shine towards high noon

Just so the Gospel doth excel

The law God gave to Israel.

All those who do the Gospel slight,

and rather have a legal Guide,

The Sun's not risen in their sight,

and therefore 'tis that they deride

Those who commend the Gospel Sun,

Above the light in ev'ry one.

Degrees of light they do perceive,

some of them weak and others strong.

That which is saving, none receive,

but those who unto Christ belong.

Yet

Yet doth each light serve for the end,  
For which to man God did it send.

**L**ET not the Sun Eclipsed be,  
nor any dark cloud interpose  
Between thy self (dear Christ) and me,  
who art that blessed Sharon's Rose ;  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since thou by choice hast made me thine  
Always let me walk in thy light  
till Grace doth me with Glory Crown,  
Turn not my Morning into Night,  
nor ever let my Sun go down,  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since by dear purchase I am thine.

Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, arise,  
from the gross lumps of this dark Earth,  
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,  
the thought of that's as bad as death,  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since by adoption I am thine.

Lord let my morning be more bright,  
and my Sun shine to th' perfect day,  
And let mine eyes have stronger sight,  
That I behold its Glory may,  
O let thy Face upon me shine;  
Since God by Gift has made me thine.

Lord shine and make my Heart more soft,  
and temper it the Seal to take ;  
Make it according as it ought.

Lord do it for thy own names sake ;  
O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since by sweet contract I am thine,  
The light of thy dear Countenance,  
it is the thing I only prize,

Let not therefore my ignorance  
darken the light of my dim Eyes.

O let thy Face upon me shine,  
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.

O be my strength, my light, my guide,  
always until I come to die;

And from thy Paths ne'er let me slide,  
but light me to Eternity.

O let thy Face upon me shine,

For I my self to thee resign,

There's many, Lord, who daily cry,

Oh ! who will shew us any good ?

'Tis in thy self, Lord, it doth lye,  
although by few 'tis understood.

O let thy Face upon me shine,

For I by Conquest now am thine.

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,

And with thy saints communion have,

No Devil can that Soul destroy,

whom thou intendest for to save.

O let thy Face upon me shine,

For I can say that thou art mine.

Let not the Sun only appear,

For to enlightned my dark heart ;

But to poor souls both far and near,

the self same glory, Lord impart,

O let thy Face upon me shine,

As it doth now dear, Lord, on mine.

Let light and glory so break forth,

and darkness fly and quite be gone,

That all thy Saints upon the Earth,

may in the truth bejoyn'd in one.

O let thy face so brightly shine,

As to discover who are thine.

Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,

and the blest'd Gospel shine so clear,

That it Rome's Harlot may confound,

and Popish darkness quite cashier,

O let thy face on Sion shine,

But plague those cursed foes of thine.

Let France, dark Spain and Italy,

Thy light and glory, Lord, behold ;

To each adjacent Country,

do thou the Gospel plain unfold ;



O let thy Face upon them shine,  
That all these Nations may be thine.  
Let Christendom new Christned be.  
And unto thee O let them turn,  
And be baptiz'd, O Christ by thee,  
with the spirit of the Holy One,  
O let thy Face upon it shine,  
That Christendom may all be thine!  
And carry on thy Glorious Work,  
victoriously in ev'ry land;  
Let Tartars and the mighty Turk  
subject themselves to thy Command;  
O let thy Face upon them shine,  
That those blind People may be thine.  
And let thy brightness also go  
To Asia, and to Africa;  
Let Egypt and Assyria too,  
submit unto thy blessed Law,  
O let thy Face upon them shine,  
That those dark Regions may be thine.  
Nay, precious God, let light extend  
to China, and East India?  
To thee let all the People bend  
who live in wild America.  
O let thy blessed Gospel shine,  
That the blind Heathens may be thine.  
Send forth thy light like to the Moon,  
most swift, Lord, O let them fly,  
From Cancer unto Capricorn;  
and that all dark Nations may espy,  
Thy glorious Face on them to shine,  
And they in Christ for to be thine.  
The submiss of the Gentles Lord.  
bring in with speed, O let them fear  
Thy Name in Truth with one accord,  
live they far off, or live they near;  
O let thy Face upon them shine,  
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.

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And also the glorious News  
 of thy salvation, yield Relief  
 Unto the sad distressed Jews,  
 who hardned are in unbelief,  
 O let thy Face upon them shine,  
 For Abraham's sake, that Friend of thine.  
 O don't forget poor Israel,  
 But let thy light and glorious Rays,  
 Cause their rare beauty to excel,  
 beyond what 'twas in former days ;  
 O cause thy Face sweetly to shine,  
 That Jews and Gentiles may be thine.  
 O let all Kingdoms now with speed,  
 and all the Nations under Heaven,  
 From all gross darkness now be freed,  
 and Power to thy Saints be given.  
 That they in Glory, Lord, may shine,  
 According to that word of thine.

---

AN APPENDIX.

Containing a Dialogue between an Old  
*Apostate*, and a Young Professor.

*Apostate.*

**H**OW many straights and crosses have I met,  
 Since I my self to seek for Canaan set.  
 Red Seas and Wilderesses lye between ;  
 Why venture I for what I ne'er have seen ?  
 Why can I not where I am now remain,  
 Or to my old Delights turn back again ?  
 My head has been perplext with cares and fears  
 Since to these Preachers I inclin'd my Ears.  
 They were but Fancies that disturb my Mind,  
 I sought for something which I could not find.  
 Ah ! would to God in Egypt I'd remaind,  
 For there's no Canaan likely to begain'd.

Conscience

Conscience be silent, don't disturb me more;  
Upon such things I will no longer pore :  
For back to Egypt I will now retire,  
Where I shall have things to my Hearts desire.

*Devil.*

Pursue thy purpose, thou shalt understand,  
What e'er I have shall be at thy command.  
My Kingdom's large this World is wholly mine,  
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.  
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou shalt have,  
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleasures brave,  
When others forc'd in Prisons are to lye,  
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious liberty.  
When Kings and Princes do upon thee frown ;  
Thou shalt be held in Honour and Renown.  
Thou hast much Goods laid up for many Years,  
And long shalt live free from all Cares and Fears.  
Thy Seed establish'd too shall be on Earth,  
And thou shalt spend thy days in joy and mirth,  
Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain,  
Nor think of God, or Jesus Christ again.  
Phanatick Fables never more regard,  
The Pains of Hell of which thou oft hast heard,  
Are nought but Fictions of their crafty Head,  
With fear of nothing are they frightned.  
That mad-man like they trample under Feet,  
Those lovely joys which wise men find most sweet.  
Religion's nought but a devised thing,  
Which up at first some crafty head did bring,  
To awe the Minds of Fools who wanting wit,  
Take that for Gold, that's a meer counterfeit.  
The truth of Scriptures thou hast need to doubt,  
For divers places thou may'st soon find out,  
Which inconsistent to each other be,  
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.  
Conclude in truth, there is no God at all,  
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call

On

On him, whom thou didst never see or know,  
 Unless it's thus, because that most do so;  
 Let melancholly fancies now, therefore,  
 Ne'er vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.  
 Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,  
 No good like that, which Purse and Bags do hold.  
 Come Eat and Drink to morrow thou must dye,  
 And after that there's no Eternity,  
 As some suppose, for thou i'th' Grave shall rot,  
 And as the Beast be utterly forgot;  
 But since you know it is reproach to them,  
 Who will Relig on utterly condemn;  
 Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,  
 For their is none that's very fit for thee,  
 No worship on the earth doth suit so well  
 With flesh and blood, or doth for ease excel;  
 Or with man's Int'rest doth so well agree,  
 Like what's maintain'd in famous Italy;  
 That that's the worship which for thee I pick,  
 I'm not against thy turning Catholick.  
 If there's a Heaven of this thou need'st not doubt,  
 An easier way for thee I can't find out.  
 The ways so broad, whole nations walk therein.  
 And persons of all sorts, no let is sin. (sounds,  
 Wert thou at Rome, thou'd'st hear melodious  
 Sweet joys and mirth on every side abounds;  
 Fine Boys and Men, ravishing notes to sing,  
 Whilst Organs play in Consort and Bells ring;  
 In that brave way thou'lt have the liberty,  
 To do such things as others do deny.  
 Thou may'st be mad, carouze and domineer,  
 Strict Roman Catholicks such things can bear (curse,  
 If thou dost swear, drink healths, yea, or would'st  
 There's few i'th' Church will like thee e'er thworse;  
 Or if thou should'st some curious Lady spy,  
 Or view some pretty maid with wanton eye.  
 To court or play thou need'st not fear at all,  
 For all such things they Venial Sins do call,

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And one great help and Remdy thoult have,  
Which from all grief and danger will thee save :  
If it fall out by chance at any time,  
Thou should'st commit some great & heinous crime  
There's a strait-way, the blessed absolution,  
A present help, and yet no superstition.  
For a small sum of Money, soon is had  
A Pardon for all sins though ne'er so bad,  
His Holiness for a few shillings can  
Murder and Perjury forgive to Man;  
Nay, unto thee can grant a Dispensation,  
To Kill and Murder any in a Nation,  
Who us and the Holy Church hate and oppose :  
Come trouble not thy self, but straitway close (ven,  
With this sam'd Church, to whom such power's gi-  
To ope and shut, with ease the Gates of Heaven,  
And make that sin to day, that ne'er was sin,  
And that Lawful, which lawful ne'er hath been,  
Come buy the Beads and Crucifix also,  
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.  
For this I hope to see e'er a few days,  
Some thousands more cleaving to those old ways.  
And since in kindness and affection dear,  
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,  
And do engage thy faithful friend to be,  
There's some small thing I'd have thee do for me;  
Speak evil of the way thou late wast in,  
Belye them all, and charge them all with sin ;  
Their faults lay ope, let none at all be hid,  
Reville, reproach, and slander in my stead,  
Shew how they differ, that they cann't agree,  
There's little Love and want of Charity.  
Of Canaan's Land raise thou an ill Report,  
To turn them back, that are a going for't,  
One thing at present I would have thee do,  
There is a friend of mine which thou dost know,  
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,  
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere;

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If he should visit thee with speed do thou,  
Treat with the peevish Youth, I'll teach thee how  
To controvert the cause; my place supply,  
And do what I could not do formerly.  
His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,  
Cause others also in that way do throng;  
And you shall also some derision bear,  
Through his hot zeal if that you han't a care.

*Vicinus.*

The thoughts of which Satan darts in his mind,  
He closeth with, and fully is inclin'd  
His counsel for to take, what e'er become  
Of his poor Soul at the great day of doom.  
An Atheist he's become in heart and Life,  
And hath abandon'd all his Christian Strife,  
But since the Gentleman and he are met,  
I will give way, and hearken how they treat  
About this Youth, that has of late begun,  
Resolvedly to Heaven for to run.  
You'll hear how this Apostate will engage,  
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

*Apostate.*

What my old Friend E. R. Sir, I am glad  
To see you once again; yet I am sad,  
And grieved sore, to see you look so ill;  
What evil, Sir, I pray, has you beset?  
What is the cause of this your present Grief,  
If I can give or help you to relief,  
Or comfort you i'th' least, I willing am,  
And shall rejoyce, for which I hither came.

*Gent.*

Ah, Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,  
From whom I once more Comfort hop'd to find,  
And I'm afraid he'll prove a plague to me,  
Unless he can with speed Recover'd be.  
He'll be a Preacher I do think e'er long,  
He's such a Bookish Fool, and so Head-strong;

That

That I have little hopes he'll e'er be good,  
 Here's cause of Grief, if rightly understood!  
 He is become so vile an Heritick,  
 That Rome's good Church, and the true Catholick,  
 Most vilely he doth perceive he doth disdain;  
 And doth forsooth, tell me he's born again;  
 I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,  
 If you can't change his mind, there's not a Man,  
 I think in truth, that ever will prevail;  
 O arm your self therefore and him assail:  
 You were deceived your self some time ago,  
 And therefore now more able art to show  
 The Vanity of these devised ways,  
 And Bookish Fables of these silly days;  
 Having the Scripture in our Mother-tongue.  
 Has been the ruin of us all along;  
 For since men did our Holy Church forsake,  
 And up new notions for Religion take,  
 Nought but Confusion in the World we see,  
 And otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be,  
 Until their Books i'th' Fire all do burn,  
 And they unto the ancient Church do turn.

*Apostate.*

I am good Sir, of that opinion too,  
 And sorry am to hear what now you do  
 Relate to me and will also in truth,  
 Do what I can to turn that silly Youth,  
 For I can shew and make him understand,  
 The danger that attends on ev'ry hand,  
 The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,  
 A Faith's but a meer fancy; I believe  
 That's the chief good which Man doth here enjoy,  
 And that's the evil which doth him annoy,  
 Or doth deprive him of his joy and bliss,  
 None but Phanaticks will deny me this,  
 Who boast of that they never did possess;  
 They lie, alas, and are (in truth) no less

Than

Than frantick Fools for I could never see,  
 Of what they speak there is no certainty.  
 I will endeavour therefore out of Love,  
 Your Son from these Delusions to remove:  
 And since I do perceive he's near at hand,  
 I'll take my leave.

Your Servant to command.

## THE PROLOGUE.

**A**ttend, kind Friend, read with a serious Eye,  
 And thou a sharp Conflict shalt soon espy,  
 Between a Man quite void of Godly fear,  
 And a dear Youth, most holy and sincere,  
 The one affirms all Godliness is vain,  
 The other counts it for the greatest Gain,  
 Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see,  
 What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

*Apostate.*

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you

*Professor.*

I am a Stranger and am travelling home.

*Apostate.*

Can you a Stranger in this Country be.

*Professor.*

Yes, as were all our Fathers formerly.

*Apostate.*

But from whence came ye? Let's confer together.

*Professor.*

From Egypt Sir, [*Apostate.*] I am trav'ling thither.

What is your Business Sir, that thus in pain,  
 You strive against the Wind with might and main,  
 E're farther you do go, sit down, account.  
 See whether That you run for will surmount  
 The Labour great and Loss you will sustain,  
 Before the Prize in truth you do obtain,

What



What Place is it to which you think to go,  
That to advise you I may fully know.  
For good Instruction to you I'll afford.  
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

*Professor.*

I am for *Canaan* that most holy land;  
I'll travel thither as God doth command.  
And tho' all things I loose e're I come there,  
'Twill all my Losses I am sure repair.  
The Worth of that therefore for which I run,  
I did account before I first begun.

*Apostate.*

Know you of certain the Place is so rare,  
You may mistake for you were never there.

*Professor*

Ah, Sir, of it I have a glorious Sight,  
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight,  
Although in Person there I ne'er have been,  
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen.  
Besides I lately spoke with a dear Friend,  
Who did the other Day from thence descend,  
And unto me its Glory he did show,  
Its precious Worth from him I came to know,  
Some of his Fruits also to me he gave,  
Which makes makes me long till I possession have.

*Apostate.*

Is't not the Fancy of thy crazy Head?  
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read,  
It may be so, or so it may not be,  
It ne'er seem'd real truly unto me,  
Who would for things which so uncertain are,  
Such Losses suffer and such Labour bear;  
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' Bush you know.  
This Zeal, poor Lad, will work thy overthrow.

*Professor.*

You vainly talk and live by Sight and Sense,  
I walk by Faith which is my Evidence.

Of

What

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Of things not seen here with an outward Eye,  
 What thou seest not I clearly do espy,  
 'Tis not the Fancy of a crazy brain,  
 For Moses, that its Glory he might gain,  
 All Egypt's treasures quickly did forego,  
 Was that the way unto his overthrow?  
 No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way  
 To Peace and Honour in another day,  
 True Peace of Conscience, that through Grace I have  
 Which passeth all men's knowledge to conceive,  
 I would not be depriv'd of it again,  
 If that I might ten thousand Worlds obtain.

*Apostate.*

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away  
 Ne'er mind his motions, nor what he doth say.  
 I stifled him and that a good while since,  
 And took Revenge for his proud Insolence.  
 His gasping groans I no ways did regard,  
 But let my heart against him grow so hard,  
 That now I can without the least controul,  
 Have any Pleasures that delight my soul.

*Professor.*

Ah, Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make,  
 I never will such cursed counsel take;  
 Whoever doth his Conscience so abuse,  
 Doth his dear Maker in like manner use,  
 And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain,  
 I'th' Judgment-day he will revive again;  
 And then against you his sad witness bear,  
 And in your Face most gashfully will stare,  
 You'll have the worst at last, I grieve to see  
 You hardn'd thus in your iniquity.

*Apostate.*

My sorrows gone, but thine, alas, will double,  
 Concerning me, thy self do thou not trouble:  
 The storms and blust'ring winds are overpast,  
 And very safe I am arriv'd at last.

In the same Port where Princes do delight,  
 For to repose and harbour Day and Night;  
 I have been toss'd upon the boist'rous seas,  
 And till of late, ne'er could find rest or ease;  
 But now I'm safely landed, and with good  
 Shall satisfy'd be, whilst thou'rt tost i'th' Flood.  
 You shall poor Youth with dreadful storms be hurl'd  
 Whilst I shall find a very quiet World.  
 All thy best Days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be  
 Into sad Gulphs of woful Misery;  
 Unless thou dost recant and stop thy course.  
 You'll see things will with thee go worse and worse  
 Those Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,  
 E'er long they shall but little Comfort find.

*Professor.*

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend  
 Those that resolve poor Conscience to befriend;  
*Paul's* portion 'twas, who from his very Youth  
 Aad kept good Conscience and obey'd the Truth.  
 He met with blust'ring Winds, was toss'd about,  
 Yet did he bear for Canaan most Devout;  
 'Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,  
 Getting the Crown which ne'er away shall fade.  
 All those that sail'd this way, have all along  
 Met with great Opposition, and much Wrong,  
 From Pirates, Robbers, and Usurpers, who  
 Contrived have the Righteous to undo;  
 This terrifies me not, because that I  
 Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.  
 The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,  
 Do quit his cost, and recompence his pains.  
 So hopes of Joys which so celestial are,  
 Makes me no labour, nor no cost to spare.  
 You are for present things I farther see,  
 You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.  
 You are for Pleasures, and for Bags of Gold,  
 I am for that which *Moses* did behold.

You

You are for ease whatever it doth cost,  
 And honours here, though soul for it be lost.  
 Who makes the wisest choice let him declare,  
 Let death and judgment shew who wise men are.  
 My purpose I'll pursue what e'er I meet,  
 My portions great, my peace no counterfeit.  
 Heaven's my port, there's such a place I'm sure,  
 Nought shall entice me, or my soul allure.  
 To lose my hold, I'll keep firm in my station,  
 Though in my way I meet with tribulation;  
 Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,  
 Not men nor Devils me ever shall deprive  
 My soul of that eternal dwelling place,  
 Such confidence I have obtain'd thro' Grace.

*Apostate*

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,  
 That there's a Canaan or a Heaven where  
 Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below;  
 Yet hard it is for any man to know,  
 The ready way unto that seeming place,  
 Consider thi, Oh, 'tis a weighty case.  
 For there so many ways and voices be,  
 How thou shouldst find the right, I do not see;  
 Thou art a stranger too thou saidst, be plain,  
 Come, come, young-man, turn with me back again

*Professor.*

No thing, dear Sir, more certain is than this,  
 That there's a Heaven, or Eternal Bliss,  
 The Heathens could by Nature light espy,  
 Man's chiefest good or best Felicity.  
 Must needs excel the best enjoyments here,  
 And shall this doubtful unto those appear,  
 Who hath Gods works most dreadfully made known  
 Yea, and his word, which very few or none,  
 Who live in any land the like have had,  
 Shall such turn Atheists? this is very sad,  
 Is not Jehovah every where made known,  
 By fearful judgments which are daily shown?

In



He came from thence himself the other day,  
And gave directions how to find the way;  
This writing's firm, 'tis signed with his blood,  
That the old Dragon with his mighty flood  
Of Superstition and persecuting Fire,  
Could it not spoil, nor gain his curs'd desire.  
The holy Scriptures God to us hath given.  
To guide our Souls in the right way to Heaven.  
Though Satan has made opposition strong,  
Yet still we have it in our mother-tongue.  
And by this means most plain I come to know,  
The very footsteps where the flock doth go.

*Apostate*

Thou of Scripture seem to make your boast  
Your hopes of this will suddenly be lost.  
For you are not like the Scriptures long to have,  
Your Souls and others thus for to deceive,  
For Holy Church, once more will quite destroy  
This English God which they seem to enjoy.  
Thou art unlearn'd. the Scriptures dost not know,  
But wrestest them unto thy overthrow.

*Professor.*

They are unlearn'd whom God hath never taught  
But have in popish darkness up been brought.  
They are unlearn'd who never had the Spirit,  
Who think they can by works salvation merit.  
They are unlearn'd who foolishly deny  
The Spirits teaching and Authority,  
For to excell all human arts and Science,  
And on mans teaching wholly have reliance.  
They are unlearn'd or very poorly read,  
Who teach Christ Jesus is a piece of Bread.  
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,  
And do deny the Laity the Cup.  
For those for whom Christ did his body break,  
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.  
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory  
Can be ought else but a meer feigned story.

They are unlearn'd whose Doctrine doth declare  
The Church doth on his Sholders two Heads bear.  
That Woman which hath any Husband more,  
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.

That Man's unlearn'd, who never learned hath  
The A, B, C, of the true Christian Faith.

I grant that Man is wholly yet unlearn'd,  
Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd  
The cursed Nature of his heinous Sin.

Nor what estate by Nature he is in.

That Man's unlearn'd who never went to School  
Of Christ to learn, how to become a Fool :

He is unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,  
Who hath his Soul and Jesus Christ forgot ;

And doth esteem Earth's empty Vanity,  
Above that good which Saints in God espy.

I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how  
To crucify the Flesh, yea, and to bow

To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake,  
His Yoke and Burden willingly to take,

And follow him where-ever he doth go,  
And him alone Determine for to know.

Who for my sake upon the Cross did dye,  
And to extol him, as he's Priest and King.

And as my Prophet too in ev'ry thing.

Some things I must confess I ne'er could learn,  
Nor any ways perceive, see, or discern.

I never read of Peter's triple Crown,

Nor that he ever wore a Popish Gown.

I never learn'd that he did Pope become;

Or rule o'er Kings like to the Beast at Rome.

I never learn'd that he kept Concubines,

Or ever power had to pardon sins.

I never learn'd he granted Dispensations,

To poyson Kings, or Rulers of those Nations,

Who were prophane or turned Hereticks,

Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.

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*and a young Professor.*

817

I never learn'd he was the Church's Head,  
Or did forbid the Clergy for to Wed.  
I never Read that he had Chests of Gold;  
Or that great Benefits by him were Sold.  
I never Read he's call'd *His Holiness*,  
Yet had as much as any Pope, I guess.  
I never learn'd, Peter did magnifie  
Himself above all Gods, or G O D on high :  
Or that upon the Necks of Kings he trod ;  
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.  
I never Read that he made Laws to burn  
Such as were Hereticks, and would not turn  
To Jesus Christ ; much less to Murder those  
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppose.  
I never learn'd, nor could I to this Day,  
That Pope and Peter walk'd both in one way.  
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,  
Save only in Denying of the Lord.  
Peter Deny'd him yet did Love him Dear ;  
The Pope Denies him and doth Hatred bear  
To him, and to all those that do him Love ;  
Who bear his Image and are from above.  
Peter Deny'd him and did Weep amain ;  
The Pope Denies him with the great'st Disdain.  
Peter Deny'd him, yet for him did Dye ;  
The Pope in Malice him doth Crucify.  
Peter Deny'd him Thrice, and then Repented ;  
The Pope a Thousand times, but ne'er Relented.  
Peter and John no mighty Scholars were,  
Yet few for Knowledge might with them compare.  
Poor Fishermen do find the way to Heaven,  
When Scholars go astray who Arts have seven.  
The Learned School-men put our Lord to Death,  
And very few of such Christ called hath,  
But poor Despised Persons he doth call,  
And passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.  
For Human Learning, and such kind of Preaching,  
Is nothing to the blessed Spirit's Teaching.



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I learned like and grant that men may use it;  
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

*Apostate.*

Leave off these canting strains and don't deride  
Our holy Father, for I can't abide.

To hear such prating fools. Are you so wise?

Dare you the holy Mother-Church despise?

'Tis a Religion I like best of all,

The Pope I do adore, and Cardinal.

There's Pomp and Riches and a worldly Glory,

What you talk of, is an unpleasant story.

There's pleasure, profit, safety and much ease,

Which doth the flesh as well as Spirit please,

Here's Heaven and Earth what canst thou more de-

Or of thy God or any man require? (fire

Thy way thou'lt lose, and Canaan wilt not see,

With speed therefore turn back again with me.

*Professor.*

Could I no other reason give or urge,

To prove Rome's Church untrue, I can't but judge

That which you speak doth plainly it declare,

For in Christ's Church, no such vain pomps appear?

No worldly glory doth Christ's Church adorn,

For she afflicted, much despis'd and torn.

Her beauty can't with outward eyes be seen,

Her beauty and her glory are within.

When John set forth the Antichristian state,

Much outward Pomp, 'tis true he doth relate;

The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stone and Pearl,

Who at poor Zion doth with envy snarl

No Liberty to the flesh the Lord doth give,

Saints must alone after the Spirit live.

No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,

You must to Hell except you're born again.

If you'll be Christ's with speed then turn you must,

And crucifie the Flesh with all its lust.

All those who do God's Holy word contemn,

No light nor truth is there at all in them.

*Theirs*



Their feet on the dark mountains soon will fall,  
And utter Ruin will o'ertake them all,  
I do not fear nor have I any doubt,  
But I shall find this blessed Canaan ought.  
To turn to Egypt with you back again,  
The thoughts of it my soul doth much disdain.  
Dost think I'll leave my Quails and Manna rare,  
For stinking Garlick and base Onions there?

*Apostate.*

For all your Courage, Sir I do suppose,  
You will repent that ever you have chose  
To leave the comforts of a precious World,  
And with fond zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.  
You are a man that might advanced be,  
Unto great Honour state and Dignity.  
Your Father's Master of a good Estate,,  
You are also his Heir I hear of late,  
If you do not this new Religion leave,  
One Groat of him you are not like to have,

*Professor.*

This World in a just Ballance oft I try,  
And find it lighter far than vanity.  
Riches alas! are only Bags of Cares,  
Honours are nought save soul bewitching snares,  
Your outward Joy will turned be to sadness,  
Your Pleasure into pain, your Wisdom madness.  
You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a bubble,  
Which long you cannot keep although you double  
Your diligence and think to hold it fast,  
'Twill fly with speed, 'tis but an empty blast.  
What frantick fit is this? will you destroy  
Your higher hopes for such a faded joy?  
This world's a strumpet like of whom I've read,  
Who with sweet Fumes enticeth to her bed,  
With Amorous Glances promises a Bliss,  
And hides Destruction with a feigned kiss.  
She hugs the Soul she hates, yea, and does prove,  
A very Judas where she feigns to love.

Take heed therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th snare  
 And buy your late Repentance much too dear.  
 The Comforts here which you do precious call,  
 Each wise Man sees, are vain and flitting all;  
 To think I should repent, no cause is there,  
 If things by you consider'd rightly were.  
 What Moses chose of old, the same do I,  
 All vain Allurements I do quite defy.  
 I knew when first my Journey I did take,  
 I must my Father's House learn to forsake.  
 In Abra'm's steps I am resolv'd to go,  
 Whatever I expos'd am unto.  
 I seek no honour here from any one,  
 Dear Sir, true Honour comes from God alone.  
 An Heir to be unto some great Estate,  
 Or Son unto some earthly Potentate,  
 Is nought to what by Grace I'm born unto,  
 My Portion great I know not how to show;  
 I'm Heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,  
 E're long to me sweet Canaan will be given.  
 I do resolve to hold out to the end,  
 Although I ha'nt one Groat, or earthly Friend,  
 To favour me; I never will return,  
 Until this glorious Canaan I have won.

*Apostate.*

What Ground have you my Friend for to believe  
 If you forsake all things, shall you receive  
 This Land you speak of for your own possession,  
 Unto your heart 'tis good to put this Question;  
 For many unto great things do lay claim  
 Yet some oft-times I see, and sure I am,  
 Unto such Lands can no good Title show,  
 Altho they strive for them, as you may do.  
 If you should sell whate'er you have for this,  
 And yet at last should also of it miss,  
 You'll see yourself at length then quite undone;  
 Consider of it, and back with me turn.

For

For no good Title of it can be had,  
 'Twas this, alas ! which once did make me sad.  
 To save my own I thought 'twas best for me,  
 Unless of this I could assured be.

*Professor.*

Don't think you shall my Zeal for Heaven cool,  
 Nor my dear Soul with Fancies thus befooled.  
 Rouse up my Soul now in thy own defence,  
 And shew thy clear, thy precious Evidence.  
 Can any thing be plainer here on Earth,  
 For me 'twas purchas'd by Christ Jesus's Death.  
 The Father doth his Kingdom own, and he  
 For his own Child hath late adopted me ;  
 And if a Child, I also am his Heir,  
 And shall with Jesus the like Glory share.

*Apostate.*

How do you know you be his Child ? in this  
 You may mistake, and so may Canaan miss.

*Professor.*

My late Conversion doth most plainly prove  
 My inward Birth is truly from above.  
 The Truth and Conscience both agree in one,  
 I am thro' Grace, no Bastard, but a Son.  
 Besides all this, since I did first believe,  
 An Earnest of this Land I did receive ;  
 And divers Promises also there be  
 Which bind it firmly over unto me.  
 Is not my Title unto Heaven good,  
 When sign'd and sealed to me by Christ's Blood ?  
 You see by these I have a certain ground  
 And good Assurance for God's Kingdom found.  
 But you, as it appears, do quite despair,  
 Without all hopes of ever coming there.

*Apostate.*

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,  
 Why may not I, as soon as you get thither.  
 Tho' in that way, in which I late did walk,  
 I was deceiv'd with many other folk.

And

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those,  
 Who did the Pope and Church of Rome oppose.  
 Thinking a man a seperate must be  
 From the same Church or else could never see,  
 Find or enjoy Felicity or Rest,  
 And therefore I like others did protest,  
 Against that ancient Mother Church whom now,  
 I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow  
 Down unto Her with all humble subjection,  
 Thinking it best for safety and Protection;  
 Resolving never more to vex my mind,  
 As I have done, for I shall sooner find,  
 In this smooth way assurance for salvation,  
 Than if I had kept in my former station.  
 Hopes I may have, no certain grounds I know,  
 The Church affirms he can attain unto;  
 But promises most clear are made to those,  
 Who seek for the old way, and with it close.  
 And that Rome's Church can plead antiquity,  
 No Protestant I'm sure can it deny.  
 Yea and must grant what ever their profession,  
 That none but Rome can prove their true succession  
 From those brave Churches which first planted were.  
 By the Apostles as their acts declare.  
 And therefore youth, you must no longer boast  
 Of Faith and confidence, for you have lost  
 Your way to Heaven, and must therefore look  
 Upon that Church which long hath been forsook.  
 For though corruption in the Church there be,  
 Yet all should walk in uniformity.

*Professor.*

Sir I deny your Churches constitution,  
 Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,  
 Corruption and vile spots they are so bad,  
 No Church of Christ the like hath ever had.  
 Which I resolve fully to make appear,  
 Before I leave you if you please to hear.

*Apostate*



*Apostate,*

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd that's most  
Saint Paul himself to this doth witness bear (clear  
Faith and Repentance, truly did they own.  
And were baptised in due form, 'tis known  
No Church in Constitution right has been,  
If that our Church doth fail the least herein.

*Professor.*

Rome's Church I grant was true i'th' Apostle's days  
But your's from that doth differ many ways.  
Rome's Church was very famous heretofore,  
But is becom'd the *Scarlet colour'd* whore,  
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,  
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight  
Into the dark and howling wilderness,  
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress.  
If Rome's Church now were like unto the Old,  
Then with the Romanists we all would hold,  
But when she is become Christ's Enemy,  
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly,  
If you can prove *Rome's Church* hath not declin'd,  
From that Church state by Paul himself defin'd,  
You will then undertake for to do more,  
Than any Papist ever did before.  
God once the Jewish Church did own and love,  
But for their sins he did it quite remove,  
Out of their sight, they're broken for their sin,  
With other Churches that have famous been,  
And yet do keep some outward form or show,  
Of worship and Church state as Rome may do,  
Who has in truth nought else save a bare name,  
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of Fame.  
If you should bring your vilibility  
To prove your Church is true, I do reply.  
A better argument I need not bring,  
To prove you false than that same very thing,  
For the true Church being hid did not appear  
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.

And

And then whereas you in the Second place  
 Mention Antiquity ; 'tis a clear case,  
 Your Church is under Age, 'tis much too Young,  
 Out of th' Apostacy alas ! she sprung ;  
 A bastard Church, base-born, meer notional,  
 And therefore that's for you no Proof at all ;  
 The fleshly Seed i'th' Church must not be brought ;  
 John Baptist, and our Saviour both so taught.  
 Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration,  
 And not as 'twas i'th' former Dispensation.  
 You in a lineal way do go about  
 To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.  
 The Axe is now laid to th' Root o'th' Tree,  
 And every one true Penitent must be ;  
 And must obtain of God true saving Grace,  
 Who in his Church would have a holy place.  
 Your Church is not to gather'd ; therefore I  
 Deny your Church and it's Antiquity :  
 The Church which is upheld by th' Carnal Sword,  
 And not by the true power of God's Word,  
 Is very false. And that Rome's Church is so,  
 Not a few worthy Authors plainly show,  
 And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,  
 No People in the World doubtless have less.  
 For Rome like to a stinking common Shore,  
 Receives what ev'ry one casts out o'th' Door.  
 The Counsel which an antient Author gave,  
 Let ev'ry Soul with special Care receive ;  
 " He that would Holy live from Rome be packing,  
 " There's all things else ; but Godliness is lacking.  
 She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,  
 According as th' Apostles have fore-told ;  
 In charging People to abstain from Meat,  
 Which freely God alloweth us to Eat.  
 And in denying Persons for to Wed,  
 Tho' God admits the undefiled Bed.  
 By means of these most cursed Prohibitions,  
 Your Clergy stink alive with gross Pollutions.

And

And many of your filthy Popes of Rome  
Have Sodomites and Buggerers become.  
Whoredom and Incest they have ming'd so small,  
As scarce to count them any sin at all.  
Most cursed Stews allowed are by them,  
Whom none i'th' Popedom dare i'th' least condemn  
Vile Necromancers many of them were,  
Haters of God, no sin in Truth is there.  
But some of th' Popes of it have guilty been,  
As may upon Record be daily seen.  
Is this your holy Head, and rev'rend Father,  
Next unto Christ supream? Is he not rather,  
A Devil incarnate, the worst of Mankind,  
Who can in Hell a viler sinner find?  
Is Rome Christ's Church, his Spouse, his only Love  
His undefiled One, his spotless Dove.  
Sir, don't mistake, she is that scarlet Whore  
Whom John Characterized heretofore.  
Which I shall soon evince, and make appear,  
If you with Patience will but lend an Ear.

*Apostate.*

I find you in Reproaches free enough,  
But shall expect you so too in your Proof.  
Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,  
Are daily flung at ev'ry Body's Door;  
But for to warrant your severer Doom,  
Prove that they properly belong to Rome.

*Professor.*

That Truth God's holy Word doth well explain  
That City which o'er Kings did use to reign,  
Was the same Whore the Spirit clear doth show.  
And that Rome was that City, all Men know;  
Who then above all others bore the sway?  
'Twas Rome the Nations fear'd, and did obey.  
And still you Papists to her Bishops give  
Headship o'er all who on the Earth do live.  
Before him Kings and Emp'rors must submit,  
So that he may a mighty Monarch sit.

From -

126 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate*

From whence all persons may conclude it true,  
 By their first mark, the Title is his due.  
 The second Character of Babilon,  
 Is Pomp and State, wherein is proudly shown,  
 That Rome has been a rich, gay, costly Whore,  
 England once found, I wish she may no more,  
 Infinite Sums she almost squeez'd from hence,  
 For Pardons. Obijts, Annatees, Peter-Pence  
 And through each land where she her Triumphs led  
 Whole swarms of Locusts, *Priests and Fryers were spread*  
 These, as the Janizaries to the Turk,  
 Were faithfull Slaves still to promote h's work;  
 Whilst to maintain those drones she swept away,  
 The Fat and wealth of nations for their Prey,  
 In the third place, she doth mens souls enslave.  
 This mark in Rome most evident we have,  
 With dangerous vows and unwarrented Traditions  
 Implicit Faith, and a thousand Superstitions.  
 Pretended Tiracles, apparent Lies,  
 Damnable Errors and fond Fopperies.  
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well;  
 Boasts all her dictates are infallible.  
 And then, to fill her measure i'th' last place,  
 'Tis said she would Gods precious Zion race.  
 This can of none but Rome be understood,  
 That drunken whore who reels in Martyrs blood;  
 As I more largely now shall make appear,  
 And then, with patience your excuses hear.  
 Within the compass of six hundred years,  
 Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears  
 Of future ages the most sad contents  
 Of bloody Tragedies and dire events  
 Of dreadful War in several generations,  
 The Overthrow of many fruitful Nations.  
 Jerusalem that City of Renown.  
 Sack'd by Vespasion, Burnt and Broken down.  
 It was indeed a dreadful desolation,  
 And so have Conqu'rors dealt with many a Nation.

All



All Conqu'rors ever found a time to ceaſe,  
When once they conquer'd then they were at peace  
They murder'd not, but ſuch as would not yield,  
To own them for their Lord, and in the field,  
They ſlew them too with Weapons in their hand,  
For their defence, and always ready ſtand,  
To give quarter to thoſe who it demand.  
But this vile Strumpets Blood bedabbed hands.  
Find not a period never countermands,  
Her cruel Rage, her Murders know no end,  
She ſlaughters when ſhe pity doth pretend.  
In times of peace her treacherous hands have ſhed,  
Blood without meaſure; ſhe hath murdered  
By curſed Maſſacres her neighbours, when  
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure of men.  
One might fill Volumes with her bloody Story,  
In which ſhe ſtill perſiſts and makes her glory,  
T'invent ſtrange torments to deprive the Breath,  
Of Chriſtians by a tedious lingering death:  
The Brutish Nero firſt of Tyrant Kings,  
From whoſe baſe root nine other Tyrants ſprings,  
Whoſe moſt inhuman acts not to their Glory,  
Did leave the world a lamentable ſtory.  
And to their laſting and eternal ſhame,  
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful name.  
Of bloody Monſters in the ſhape of men.  
Whoſe cruel deeds, deſerve an Iron Pen,  
That might perpetuate to after times.  
Theſe Heathens Cruelty: Record the Crimes,  
For which thoſe Chriſtians willingly laid down,  
Their earthly houſes for an heavenly Crown.  
Reſlect a while Sir, and but caſt an eye,  
Firſt on thoſe Heathen Emperors cruelty,  
Then view the bloody Papiſts and compare  
Their Cruelties together, and as far,  
As Egypt's darkneſs did exceed our Light,  
Or Midnighe differs from the morning bright.

So

So far the Papists Cruelty does exceed  
 The worst of heathen Tyrants, and indeed  
 The worst of Tyrants since the World began,  
 Or since Dissention fell 'twixt Man and Man.  
 If Cyprian and Eusebius Words be true.  
 Yearly these persecuting Emp'rors slew  
 Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood,  
 Which ran like Waters from a mighty Flood.  
 So void their Hearts were of all humane Pity;  
 Old Age they spar'd not, Sex, nor Town, nor City.  
 The things wherein these Christians did offend,  
 Were only these; They did refuse to bend  
 Their Heav'n-devoted Knees, or fall before  
 Those Idol-gods those Emp'rors did adore.  
 One God they did believe created all;  
 They did believe in Christ, and down did fall  
 Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring  
 Sacrifice only to that heavenly King.  
 Their Emp'rors gods these Christians did deride,  
 This was the cause so many Millions dy'd.  
 These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd  
 Their Idols to revenge, grew more inrag'd,  
 To see the Christians boldly to despise,  
 Their gods, and Honour Christ before their Eyes.  
 We thus may plainly see a Reason why  
 These heathen Emp'rors us'd such Cruelty.  
 'Twas not because they worship'd not aright,  
 But worship'd not at all; but did despise  
 Unto those Idols which they gods did call,  
 Affirming that they were no Gods at all.  
 An act not to be born by Flesh and Blood,  
 To have the Edicts of their Gods withstood.  
 Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants Rage,  
 Serious Advice a little would assuage  
 Their hellish Fury, and would some-time cease,  
 And give the Christians a breathing space:  
 And when as those Ten Emp'rors ceas'd to be,  
 Then terminated all their Cruelty.

Three hundred Years accomplisht their fiery wrath,  
And then the Heathens own'd the *Christian Faith*,  
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore  
The God of Heav'n and Earth, as they before  
Had done their Idols, and Zealous for the *Church*  
Give great Donations, make their *Bishops Rich*,  
And now proud *Rome* since *Constantine* the great.  
Thou by Degrees hast taken up thy Seat ;  
Pust up with Riches, swollen with *filthy pride*,  
From God's pure Laws hast quickly turn'd *aside*,  
As God doth hate and utterly refuse,  
And now such Bishops only dost thou chuse,  
Proud, sensual void of the Holy Spirit,  
Such as the Lord, hath said shall not inherit  
Eternal Glory, such thy Bishops be,  
Who should be fill'd with Truth and Purity,  
Shining like Light before the Flock, that they  
The better may discern the perfect way.  
But now instead of such as these behold,  
They are *presumptuous* proud, imperious, bold,  
Changing the worship that the Lord made known  
And in its stead, will introduce their own.  
Yea, so presumptuous are they in their Pride,  
As to affirm God's Holy Word's no Guide,  
For Men to walk by, the only Rule that they  
Do counsel them nay force them to obey,  
Is their traditions they affirm to be -  
Far more Authentick than our Lord's Decree.  
Which in his holy Word he hath us given  
For a sure Light to guide our Steps to Heaven,  
And now these *Christians* whose most tender *Heart*  
Dares not believe them fearing to depart  
From God's Directions which in his *bless'd Word*  
He hath so plainly left upon Record.  
These are the Men the wicked Strumpet hath  
So often made the objects of her Wrath ;  
Oh, let the blood drunk Earth ne'er cease to cry  
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majesty.

Till God takes Vengeance as he did on *Cain*,  
 For all the righteous *Abels* he hath slain ;  
 Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,  
 Yea, for believing that his sacred Word,  
 Is the most perfect and truest Guide,  
 The Rule by which all Doctrines shall be try'd,  
 Our blessed Lord bids search them, for saith he,  
 They are the Words that testify of me.  
 Lo here's the Cause behold the reason why  
 The *Whore* has acted so much Cruelty.  
 Inhuman Murders doth this *Whore* invent,  
 Whereby she daily slays the innocent.  
 The numbers she hath Murder'd doth surmount  
 The strictest of Arithmeticks account.  
 What Country hath not tasted of the Cup,  
 That her most bloody hands hath filled up ?  
 Where Millions have been brought unto the Dust  
 Only to satisfy this Strumpet's Lust ;  
 That she the better might engross the Power  
 Of Hell into her Hands and so devour,  
 At her blood-thirsty Pleasure such as she,  
 Could not persuade to love Idolatry.  
 Perfidious *France*, whose most inhuman wrath,  
 Passing the Limits of a Christian Faith ;  
 Within the space of Eight and twenty Days,  
 Thy bloody Hand most treacherously betrays,  
 Ten thousand Souls and to that bloody score,  
 Adds quickly after twenty thousand more,  
 How many Murders more that Popish Nation,  
 Have done the Roman Hist'ries make Relation ;  
 And yet from Cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,  
 But as her Years her Murders has increas'd,  
 And swoln to bigger Numbers in less space,  
 As *Bellarmino* affirmeth to her Face ;  
 Who thus attests that from the Morning Light,  
 Until the sable Curtains of the Night.  
 Were closely drawn her bloody hands did slay,  
 An hundred thousand Souls ; O let that Day,

In



In Characters of Blood recorded be,  
 That may remain unto Eternity.  
 O let the Earth that drinketh in the Rain,  
 That did receive the Blood of all the slain;  
 Let both the Heavens and the Earth implore,  
 The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.  
 O poor *Bohemia* thou hast had a taste,  
 When wicked *Julian* laid thy Country waste;  
 Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,  
 Sparing not young nor old, nor Son nor Sire.  
 Thou found'st the wolfish Popes in ev'ry Age,  
 Contrive thy Ruin, many times engage.  
 Thy Neighbours Nations to shed forth thy Blood  
 Only because faithful *Bohemia* stood;  
 For God's pure Church, *Martin* the sixth excites,  
*Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls, and Knights,*  
 With one consent to fall upon the Nation,  
 On no less terms than on their own Salvation,  
 Promising all upon that Condition,  
 To give a full and absolute Remission,  
 Unto the vilest Sinner that e'er stood,  
 Upon the Earth, that would but shed the Blood,  
 Only of one *Bohemian*, O Rage,  
 Not to be parell'd in any Age.  
 Except that Monster who did fore Rebuke,  
 The over Charitable Popish Duke,  
 Of *De Alva*, and would you know his Crime?  
 It was because that he in six years time,  
 With too much lenity caus'd not the earth,  
 More Christian's blood to drink than issu'd forth  
 From *Eighteen thousand Souls*; for this the Duke,  
 Was thought by Papists worthy of Rebuke:  
 Is eighteen thousand in six Years so few,  
 In the account of your blood thirsty Crew,  
 Inhumanly to murder? yea, indeed,  
 Because their former numbers did exceed:  
 But if the Luke of *Alva's* bloody Bill,  
 Came short in numbers, yet his hand did fill,

132 *A dialogue between an old A<sup>n</sup> State,*

It up with torments dreadful to rehearse,  
 As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce,  
 A marble heart, make infidels relent,  
 Torments that none but Devils could invent.  
 But if all this was over little still,  
 His Predecessors added to the Bill :  
 For from the time that Hellish inquisition,  
 Did from the Devil first receive Commission,  
 As well approved History doth relate,  
 Till thirty years expired had their date,  
 By cruel torments which they still retain,  
 One Hundred fifty thousand there was slain.  
 And yet before they took away their breath,  
 They for some time did make each day a death,  
 Depriving them as far as in them lay,  
 Of all the Joys that either Night or day  
 Affords Mankind, for them there was not found  
 So much Sun-light as to uphold the Ground,  
 In hellish darkness thus they made them spend  
 Their weary Hours, and kindly in the end  
 Destroyed them, the Company they had,  
 Within those darksome Caverns was their sad  
 And melancholly thoughts, their sighs & groans,  
 Their doleful Lodgings were upon the Stones.  
 If noisome Creatures bred and foister'd there ;  
 Those very Creatures their Companions were.  
 What Food they eat was only to secure,  
 Their Souls alive, so that they might endure  
 The many torments that they did provide,  
 And so One hundred fifty thousand dy'd,  
 Besides what fell by persecuting hands,  
 Within the Pope's Confines in sev'ral Lands,  
 Thus may I sooner spend my strength and tears,  
 And tire, (if you regard) your Eyes and Ears,  
 Than give a full and absolute Relation,  
 Of all the Acts of Rome's Abomination.  
 Oh! may my native Country rather hear  
 Their bloody Acts, than in the least part bear

Her

Her burthen or behold her murthering Hand,  
Once more spread through the Confines of our  
But I perceive these truths are dully heard. (land  
And that you little my discourse regard.

*Apostate.*

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies  
You make of lawful just Severities.

The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,  
And still against Authority would go ;  
If then they suffer'd, pray who is to blame ?

*Professor.*

Already I have shown that to their shame,  
And I would have my Country-men to take  
Another taste, that may perhaps awake,  
Their drowzy Souls who take a dying Nap,  
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the Lap.  
Of lustful *Dalilah*, whose treacherous breath,  
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampson's* death.  
Let not the Strumpet's Sugred Words persuade  
You to give credit to her, that's her trade  
Like wicked *Cain* first of that sinful Race,  
Who slew his Brother, smiling in his Face.  
From the first time that e'er the hellish Rage  
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage.  
To act their parts in England, France and Spain.  
And Italy her bloody hands hath slain.  
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,  
E're many Years had run their hours out  
Of the Americans, by Popish Spain,  
In Fifty Years was fifteen Millions slain.  
The poor Religious Waldenses, whose Eye,  
Like the quick sighted Vulture doth espy  
Rome's filthy Whoredoms, readily to disclaim  
Her vile Idolatry and hate the same : Cup  
Drunk dreadful draughts of Rome's most bloody  
Which was with Hell-bred Fury poured up.  
And for no other cause, her bloody Hands  
She stretch'd abroad with hell in raging bands,

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Her vile Idolatry and hate the same: Cup  
Drunk dreadful draughts of Rome's most bloody  
Which was with Hell-bred Fury poured up.  
And for no other cause, her bloody Hands  
She stretch'd abroad with hell in raging bands,

134 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Being sent abroad forthwith to put to Death,  
 Both young and old each man that draweth breath  
 And yet as if she had not been content,  
 To murder Parents with their innocent.  
 Fourscore sweet Babes that never did offend,  
 Famish'd to Death their Harmless Lives did end.  
 Search search into the deep Abyss of Hell,  
 And see if all the Devils can Parellel  
 So vile an Act: Oh most imperious Treason !  
 Against the King of Kings and Law of Reason.  
 Are Papists Christians, and are these their Acts,  
 To Punish such as ne're committed Facts ?  
 Are those right Actings fitting Gospel-times,  
 To lay on Babes the weight of highest Crimes ?  
 Did Christ do so or hath he ever given  
 Them leave to do so with the Heirs of Heaven ?  
 Those murder'd Souls under the Altar lye,  
 Crying how long eternal Majesty,  
 How long wilt be e're thou avenge thy Saints,  
 And lend an Ear unto their sad Complaints ?  
 These Waldenses being overcome and dead,  
 A little Remnant that escaped fled ;  
 Taught by Dame Nature's Moral-Laws to save  
 Their much desired Lives within the Cave,  
 Did hide themselves, hoping at last that they  
 Taking Advantage of another Day,  
 When Golden *Titan* had laid down his Head  
 Upon the Pillows of the Western Bed,  
 And PROSERPINA Lady of the Night,  
 Had drawn their sable Curtains then they might,  
 Transport themselves into some other Land,  
 and so escape out of the Hunters Hand.  
 But as the Hounds do hunt the wearied Hart,  
 Dopy their steps, and never will depart  
 The Fields or Meadows, or the silent Wood,  
 Till they surprize the Beast, even those Blood-  
 Devouring Monsters, having found the Cave,  
 Most barb'rously did make that Place their Grave  
 Wherein

Wherein Four hundred yielding up their Breath,  
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to Death,  
No Nation in the World hath ever seen,  
A Foe so dreadful as the Whore hath been.

It is far better to be overcome

By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than the *Christian Rome*.

What part of *Europe* now can make their boalt,  
And say they have not tasted to their Cost,

Of *Romish Mercy* ? Some are yet alive,

Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive

O *Germany* thy poor distress'd Estate,

Will speak to future Ages, and relate,

Whole Volumes of her bloody Murders, and

The murder'd souls of bleeding *Ireland*,

Cry Night and Day for Vengeance and implore

God's Heaven enthroned Majesty e'ermore,

To put a Period to their Hellish Power,

That he may overtake her in an Hour.

Those dreadful Murders have the Eies and Ears

Of some now living heard and seen the tears,

Of soul afflicted Parents, whose sad Eies, (Cries

Beheld their Murder'd Babes and heard their

Their Daughters *Ravish* and when that was done

Cruelly Murder'd and the hopeful Son,

By unheard Torments slain before their Eies,

Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miseries :

Their Children murder'd and their Wives defil'd

Whose Bodies they ript up being great with Child;

And all this while Parents and Husbands were

Forc'd to behold what Flesh and Blood can't

The bare Relation : what Adamant Heart (bear

Won't melt when I these dreadful things impart ?

Ripping up Women great with Child's not all,

For that although inhuman was but small,

Compar'd with other torments they endur'd,

Whose Patience bore what else cou'd not be cur'd:

We see how they have dealt with every Nation ;

And shall we think at last to find Compassion ?

The

136 *A Dialogue between an Old Apostate,*

The pitious Cries of Parents could not move  
 Them to extend the smallest Dram of Love.  
 The tears that run from dying Infants Eyes,  
 Like plenteous showers from the weeping Skies,  
 Whose great abundance might have made a river  
 Yet all these Floods of Brinish Tears could never  
 Enter a Papist's Heart, so hard condens'd,  
 So void of Pity and all Human Sense :  
 To hear the doleful Shrieks and dying Groans,  
 Of poor distressed Babes who make their Moans  
 Unto their Parents before that they depart,  
 These are the things delight a Papist's heart.  
 To see the dying Gasps before the Death  
 Of tortur'd Souls whose Life forsaken Breath,  
 Had waited many a tedious Hour past, (last  
 When their tormented Souls should breath their  
 Whose doleful sighings penetrate the Skies,  
 Such objects do Delight a Papist's Eyes.  
 And can we now at least expect to find  
 Rome is grown merciful and Papists kind ?  
 No, no, we cannot do't if we but fix  
 Our serious Thoughts upon late Sixty-six  
 When London was consum'd that famous City,  
 Its Ruin did bespeak them void of pity  
 By Rome's Contrivance was fair London burnt,  
 England's Metropolis to ashes turn'd.  
 The Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,  
 Rich Men to Day, to Morrow nothing left,  
 Their Wives and Children harbourless became,  
 Their Substance all consumed in the Flame  
 The doleful shrieks, the lamentable Cries,  
 And Floods of Tears, that ran from weeping Eyes,  
 As true Resemblances did present  
 The sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.  
 And can we think that such Hell-bottom'd Rage,  
 That did provoke so many to engages.  
 In such an Act far worse than Powder-Treason,  
 Can we suppose if we consult with Reason,

The



The Fury of their hellish Rage expir'd  
So soon as e're that famous Place was fir'd.  
No, no, good Sir your pardon I presume,  
Those Hell-inraged Flames that did consume  
So fair a City in so short a space,  
Hell gave those Flames Commission down to raze  
Not *London* only but every Soul that hath  
A Heart resolved to maintain the Faith  
Of JESUS, Protestants both great and small,  
*Rome* hath determin'd their eternal Fall.  
And those more formal Protestants whose Zeal,  
May secretly persuade them to conceal  
Their seeming Faith and feignedly to close  
With *Rome*'s erroneous Doctrines and suppose  
Thereby to save their Lives; let none believe  
Such vain Persuasions, many did deceive  
Themselves for *Rome* that painted Scarlet Whore  
Will deal with them as she hath done before,  
With such as hoped in the self same kind  
Mercy to meet with but nought less to find.  
Christ never gave unto his Church Commission,  
For to make Laws for grievous Persecution :  
No outward Force were they it'h' least, to use,  
Much less poor innocents for to abuse.  
The holy Saints and People of the Lord,  
Their only Weapon was God's sacred Word.  
With that bless'd Sword they always overcome,  
And did refute all Hereticks. but *Rome*  
Makes use 'tis plain with carnal Sword and Fire,  
'Tis blood, 'tis blood this Locust doth desire.  
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,  
The Matter must decide continually.  
The ways they use to turn a Soul from Error,  
Is the most dreadful Flesh-amazing Terror.  
Of horrid Racks whereon a Man must lye,  
Tortur'd to Death, Dying yet cannot dye.  
Strange kind of Instruments, devis'd to tear  
The Flesh from off the Bones; *these sometimes were*  
Her

138 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Her friendly Admonitions to reclaim,  
 Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame,  
 What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,  
 When Nature doth to rest each Man invite?  
 When sleep has clos'd their eies, no thought of harms  
 Did them possess, but in their folded arms.  
 Their Wives and Children lay in hopes that they  
 Through Grace might live to see another Day,  
 Then came these mur'dring Butchers sent from hell,  
 Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel.  
 If these Church dealings will not work *Contrition*,  
 She can erect a cursed Inquisition:  
 A dreadful Place of Cruelty and Blood,  
 Whose Torments scarcely can be understood;  
 A loathsome Dungeon and vile stinking Cell,  
 A Place of Darkness, representing Hell,  
 Where nothing is so plentiful as Tears,  
 And bitter sighs, and yet can find no Ears,  
 To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,  
 Nor Hearts to pity them for all their Groans,  
 Where many tedious Days and Nights they spend,  
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have *End*,  
 If such like Arguments, Sir will confute,  
 A Heretick, the Papists may dispute.  
 With all the World, nay heathen *Rome* could never  
 Come nigh a Papist with their best Endeavour:  
 They scorn all *Turks* and *Pagans* for Contrival,  
 Of barbarous Cruelties should be their Rival:  
 For Inhumanities they must defy,  
 And scorn that *Cannibals* should them come nigh,  
 A bloody Papist strives to Counterfeit  
 The plagues of Hell as far as Man's Conceit  
 Can reach unto or Devils could invent,  
 This is a Papist's knocking Argument.  
 Thus, thus is *Rome*, drunk with the Martyrs Blood,  
 Which has run down like to a mighty Flood.  
 Oh! It is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,  
 Which thus doth hate and persecute the Poor.

And

And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,  
 To serve the Lord with a most perfect Mind.  
 According to the Tenor of his Word ;  
 All such it strives to put unto the Sword :  
 And suffers none to buy nor sell nor live,  
 But such as Homage unto her would give.  
 Upon her Hand also St. *John* did see,  
 Was writ the cursed Name of Blasphemy ;  
 Setting her self on God's Imperial Throne,  
 Saying, I am, besides me there is none.  
 ' I have the Keys of Heaven in mine Hand ;  
 ' Both Earth and Hell is at my Sole Command.  
 ' I shut and open unto whom I please,  
 ' I Torment give to some, to others Ease.  
 Lo, thus God's sacred Word doth point her forth  
 This, this is she, there's none in all the Earth,  
 That ever did adventure to lay Claim  
 To that presumptuous and blasphemous Name,  
 As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but she,  
 Therefore *Rome's* Church must the vile Strumpet be  
*Apostate.*

Sir speak no more, forbear your slanderous Lies,  
 The Holy Church such murd'rous Acts defies.  
 Do not believe all Stories that you hear,  
 'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.  
*Professor.*

These things were not (Sir) in a Corner done;  
 Besides I never yet have heard of one,  
 That is for you or standeth on your side,  
 Who by just Proof ever this thing deny'd ;  
 Besides 'twas late some of these Cruelties,  
 Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies,  
 Were done and acted, some alive now be,  
 Who with their Cyes these Villanies did see.  
 About the Year dear Sir of fifty five,  
*Rome* did a dreadful Massacre contrive.  
 Near unto *France* the Dukedom of *Savoy*  
 Where thirty thousand souls she did destroy.

Who

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Who were commanded without all delays,  
 Papists to turn, and that within three days;  
 Who for refusing were then presently  
 Put unto Death with barb'rous Cruelty.  
 Some with sharp spears, thrust thro' the *privy parts*  
 Whilst others stabbed were unto their Hearts.  
 Some Babes they cut in pieces, others Roasted,  
 And some upon the tops of Spears they tossed;  
 Virgins were Ravished, Widows and Wives,  
 Were barb'rously depriv'd of their Lives.  
 Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,  
 And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go.  
 Two hundred thousand Protestants or more,  
 Were massacred by this vile bloody Whore.  
 In Ireland there's many now alive,  
 Who saw what kind of Deaths they did contrive  
 By which some of their dear Relations then,  
 Were tortured by those most bloody Men.  
 How can you Sir, these things i'th' least deny,  
 Which are so obvious to every Eye.

*Apostate*

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholicks,  
 Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks:  
 Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,  
 For which the Church did many thousands kill.  
 To Majestrates they disobedient were,  
 And therefore they Just Punishment did bear.

*Professor.*

*Peter and John* they Rebels were also,  
 By that same Argument which use you do.  
 To Majestrates they did refuse to bend,  
 Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.  
 In civil things they always did submit,  
 And preach'd also, it was a thing most fit,  
 In things which unto man do appertain,  
 But Christ o'er Conscience ought alone to reign.  
 Ev'n so these Martyrs bear an upright Mind  
 Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd

In



in all just things obedient for to be,  
 Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereinty;  
 And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith.  
 To worship God as holy Scripture saith.  
 According to that Light which he doth give,  
 Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.  
 And though your Church doth put the poor to death,  
 'Twas from the Devil such curs'd Laws came forth  
 The Tares with Wheat shall grow unto the end,  
 Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.  
 It was from Satan I don't doubt i'th' least,  
 For he did give unto this bloody Beast,  
 His Power and Seat, and his Authority,  
 For to effect all curst Villany.

*Apostate.*

They were some evil persons without doubt  
 Who crept into the Church, that work't about.  
 Those murd'rous deeds the Church did not al-  
 But utterly against them doth avow. (low

*Professor.*

The silly Pope and evil Cardinal,  
 With Bishops, Monks and Fryars you so call,  
 With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,  
 In all these murd'rous Acts these were the chief,  
 False Pardons, Bulls, and curst Dispensations,  
 From bloody Rome has ruin'd many Nations.  
 We know now clearly, how to bring our Charge  
 As I could shew but that I can't enlarge.

*Apostate.*

I know not how, Sir, farther to excuse.  
 The Holy Church, you put me in a Muse;  
 But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,  
 And doth such Cruelties defy and hate.

*Professor.*

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,  
 Who whilst against his will is quite debarr'd  
 From seeking of his Prey being ty'd in Chains  
 Seems very peaceable though he remains,

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A Wolf in Nature still if ever he  
At any Rate can get his Liberty,  
Doth straitway run impatient of Delay,  
And cannot Rest until he's got his Prey.  
So *Rome* seems kind and gentle until she  
Can find again an Opportunity,  
Which with unwearied Pains and often Trial,  
She ever seeks, and hardly takes Denial ;  
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay  
From shedding Blood one Minute of a Day.

*Apostate.*

'Tis a vain thing, with you for to contend,  
And therefore I had rather make an End ;  
'Tis' out of Love I speak to have you leave  
Your evil Errors speedily to cleave  
Unto that Church which only can decide,  
All Controversies, even to divide,  
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkness so,  
That every one the ready way may go.  
But Youth consider once again I pray,  
The Troubles of a new-approaching Day,  
For sore Amazements will you overtake,  
Unless you do your Purposes forsake.  
If once our Church the Day obtains besure,  
You Hereticks must down and rise no more.  
Let former strokes of Justice take such place.  
As for to move you wisely to embrace  
That Counsel which in tender Love I give,  
That you in safety evermore may live :  
Or you'll repent that ever you begun,  
Those dangerous ways of Heresie to run.  
It's a dark, doleful dangerous Pace you go,  
Recant therefore as many others do.

*Professor.*

You may mistake, some times the waters flow,  
Yet on a sudden I observe them low.  
A *Haman* may maliciously devise,  
Poor *Mordecai*, and others to surprize ;

Yet

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Yet may his purposes meet with a blast,  
 And he himself be hanged to at last.  
 The Flesh with all its Lusts to mortifie,  
 Is hard to those who love Iniquity.  
 The Way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,  
 And unto all who haters are of God.  
 The Way seems dark to you untrod uneven,  
 Hard to the Flesh, yet 'tis the Way to Heaven.  
 I've a ſure hand to lead my trembling Paces,  
 T' escape the danger of thoſe trampling Places,  
 I ſhall paſs ſafe by means of my bleſt Guide,  
 Though thouſands fall by me on every ſide.  
 For to run back would prove a doleful Fault,  
 I think upon the Monument of ſalt.  
 I am reſolv'd a thouſand Deaths to die,  
 Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

*Apoſtate.*

Thou art too ſtrict too righteous, and precise,  
*Thou ſight ſt ſuch things as prudent Men do prize.*  
 Thou may'ſt have Chriſt Pleaſures and Honour  
 And ſaved be without half this a doe (too  
 Alas, there's very few are of your Mind,  
 Who unto Rome are not at all inclin'd.

*Profeſſor.*

You do condemn me for a holy Life,  
 Wherein 'tis true, I meet with ſtraits and ſtrife;  
 But when dear Sir you come at length to dye,  
 You'll blame your ſelf and me you'll juſtifie.  
 Did ever any on a dying Bed,  
 Lament that they were by God's ſpirit led,  
 To crucify their Sins and undertake,  
 All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake;  
 If righteous ones alas ſcarce ſaved are,  
 It greatly doth behove me to take care,  
 In holineſs to walk whate'er you ſay,  
 I from the Paths of Life will never ſtray.  
 The Way I know is rough, 'tis hard and ſtrait,  
 And leads me alſo through a thorny Gate.

Whoſe

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Whose scratching Pricks are very sharp and fell,  
The way to Heaven is by the Gates of Hell.  
Your Way its true, seems very plain and wide,  
Since you from Christ have lately turn'd aside  
My Paths seems long your's short and very fair,  
Free from all Rubs, and Snares, yet Sir, beware,  
The safest Path is not always most even,  
The way to Hell's like to a seeming Heaven.  
Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless Life,  
Be judg'd a Trifle and not worth a Strife?  
Things of great worth are got on *Earth* with *Pains*  
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains  
And shall I then be startled with a Frown,  
When full assur'd of an eternal Crown?  
The strife which doth an holy Life attend,  
Will recompensed be I am sure i'th' End.  
I will go on since Jesus doth invite me, (me  
His Strength is mine and nothing shall affright

*Apostate.*

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run,  
In your strict ways until you are undone.  
Yet hear a little what I have to speak,  
And you will find its best for you to take,  
The Counsel which I give, for you'l espy,  
Great Ruin fall upon you suddenly.  
Your Father will not own you for his Son,  
If in this foolish strictness you go on;  
His Face expect here-after not to see,  
If this your Purpose and your Pleasure be.

*Professor.*

If Father, Mother and dear Brethren too  
For sake me quite, yet still I well do know  
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,  
And I shall see sweet Smiles of his dear Face;  
My self and my Relations all though dear,  
I do deny such is the Love I bear  
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,  
And do resolve to be until I die,

Come



Come Life, come Death, for Canaan I'll endeavour,  
It is my Home and Resting Place for ever.  
Better it is that Earthly Friends abuse me,  
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.  
I'd rather bear my Father's Wrath and Ire,  
Than to be cast into Eternal Fire.

*Apostate.*

Fie, fie, Young-Man forbear, and take advice,  
Let not hot Zeal thy Fancy thus intice.  
For to refuse those pleasant things which you  
May here enjoy as many others do :  
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,  
For nought but Grief and Dotage from it springs.  
'Twill dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Drone,  
And thou'lt be slighted too by every one.  
How might'st thou live at Ease, and Pleasure find,  
If once these ways thou would'st resolve to mind.  
And, like a Flower, flourish in the Spring,  
And with Young Gallants might'st rejoyce & sing,  
And spend thy Days in Pleasure sweet and rare,  
I prithee Youth consider, O take Care  
To cheer thy Heart ; behold now in thy sight,  
What Earthly Joys most sweetly do invite.

*Professor.*

Young, it is true, I am, and in my Prime,  
Therefore resolve for to improve my time.  
Shall Satan have the prime of my Days,  
And put off Christ, with base and vile Delays,  
Until Old Age, and then at last present  
The Dregs of time to Him? I'll not consent :  
To such vile thoughts I will not lend an Ear,  
I to my Saviour more Affection bare.  
Since of the Living Spring my Lord did Drink,  
All sinful Pleasures in my Nose do stink.  
More Precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,  
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.  
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,  
And judg'd a Fool, or Drone, yet can take

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All for him, who for me hath undergone  
More shame than this before his Work was done,  
This is my choosing time, I have made choice,  
God's Word I will obey, and hear his voice.  
God's Council 'tis, that first of all, in Youth,  
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.  
Your Council I abhor, shall lustful Fire  
Be kindle in my Breast? shall my desire  
Run out again to Egypt's cursed Stuff,  
I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

*Apostate.*

Alas! the Journey's long, you'll wearied be,  
And faint, before that Kingdom you do see.

*Professor.*

Nay, Sir, be silent, that is false, for I  
By Faith most clearly do the Land espy,  
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,  
Betimes i'th' Morning I set out therefore,  
Why didst thou say it was too soon for me  
For to set out, if long the Journey be?  
I do resolve, in Youth, with speed to strive,  
Lest I too late at last should there arrive.  
While Strength and Youth doth last, I'll bend my  
To travel hard, because I clearly find, (mine  
Old Age and Limbs are quickly out of Case  
To go a Journey, or to run a Race.  
Alas, when Night is ready to come in,  
That's not a time this Journey to begin,  
When Sun and Moon, and Stars, all darkned be,  
And Clouds return, that we no Light can see,  
When Rain and Tempest do most sore appear;  
And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are.  
When the strong Men themselves are forc'd to bow  
And Grinders cease also, because that now  
They are but few, and ready to fall out.  
And those thro' Windows which do look about,  
Are become dim, nay, darkned without Light,  
The Doors too in the Street are shut up quite.

*Whet.*

When fears encrease, in thoughts of what's on high,  
Fears in the Way, and fears for what is nigh;  
When flourish shall the Almond Tree also,  
The Grasshopper shall be a Burden too;  
When loosed is the precious silver Cord,  
And Golden Bowl is broken as we've heard;  
When the weak Pitcher's at the Fountain broke,  
And th' Wheel at th' Cistern with an heavy Stroke.  
When desire fails, and there, alas, is none,  
What will such do who ha'n't this Race begun?  
Besides 'tis clear, my Ways uncertain be,  
Old-Age, alas! I may not live to see,  
Young Men are quickly gone for I behold;  
Daily as young as I are turn'd to mould,  
My own Experience doth discover this,  
My Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.  
The Flower which doth spread and is so gay,  
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.  
If I therefore have still much work to do,  
Or as you say so long a way to do,  
It doth concern me then with all my power,  
For to improve each Day, yea every Hour,  
For Days to come I see may not be mine,  
My time I'll spend not as thou spendest thine.  
My Weights I'll cast away this Race to run,  
Stand still I must not, nor with thee return.  
I must provide me Oyl, get Grace in store,  
For e'er a while I shall be seen no more  
This side the Grave, I haste therefore to meet  
The Glorious Judge at the great Judgment-Seat.  
I must make haste, be swift like to the Sun,  
Lest that my Work's to do when time is done.

*Apostate.*

To you Young man, I have declared much  
Of the sad Danger, but your Zeal is such,  
Nought that I say with you takes any place,  
You don't believe me, that's the very Case.

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But what's the reason, Youth, so many Folk,  
Decline those Paths in which you seem to walk ?  
Were ways of your strict Holiness so sweet,  
They in this sort would never back retreat ?  
I did resolve with others for to try,  
And find you all deceived utterly.  
Your whole Religion's nought but meer Conceit,  
Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.  
Some there be daily do your ways forsake,  
Bethou advis'd, and other Counsel take.

*Professor.*

If thousands fall away it is no more  
Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore.  
Thousands of Old from Egypt did adventure,  
And yet but two of them did Canaan enter :  
They never had of Christ a saving taste,  
Who quite away their seeming Hopes do cast :  
But what of this ? shall I my Lord deny,  
Because that you some Hypocrites espy ?  
Those who do murmur in the Wilderness,  
The Land of Promise never shall possess.  
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,  
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoke ?  
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,  
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive ?  
Because so many walk i'th' Way to Hell,  
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel  
The vain Enjoyments of an evil World ?  
Or, shall with Fancies thus along be hurl'd ;  
Because that *Judas* did for thirty Pence,  
Sell his Dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence,  
*Peter* a Fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,  
That for his sake all things he'd under go ?  
If fearful Soldiers basely quit the Field,  
Shall valiant Champions therefore straitway yield  
Most Cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,  
Whom they assured were to overthrow.  
If Marriners unskil'd in Navigation,  
Are split on Rocks shall all then in the Nation.

That



That have that Curious Art, resolve therefore  
Never to use the Art of Sailing more ?  
Because the Sluggard sees the Winds do blow,  
The Rain descending with Cold Hail and Snow,  
He doth give o'er, and says, no longer will  
Remain i'th Field his barren Land to Till :  
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like Ground  
Who have oft-times, by good Experince found,  
Without they Sow no harvest they can have,  
Resolve their painful Labours puite to leave ?  
He that won't Plow because o'th' Snow and Rain,  
Shall beg at Harvest, and shall nought obtain :  
So in like sort to mind my present Case,  
'Cause Persons void of God's true saving Grace,  
Apostatize, as you your self have done,  
Must I to th' Devil with you Head-long run ?  
'Cause some Professors secretly do love  
Some base Corruptions, doth this therefore prove ;  
There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,  
Whose Souls experience do the second Birth ?  
I, for my part, through Grace have this to say,  
I never shall, nor can I, fall away :  
All those whom God has unto Jesus given,  
They never can be dispossest'd of Heaven ;  
The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,  
And they like Isaac, even so are Heirs,  
Who could not miss, nor dspossest be,  
Unless God's Word's made a meer Nullity ;  
God's Covenant also with Christ doth stand,  
Who can supply our Wants on ev'ry Hand :  
Sin shall not reign, such is our Happy Case,  
We are not under th' Law, but under Grace.  
This Covenant is not like to the Old,  
We of a surer Person now have hold.  
Our Credit's nothing worth, our Surety  
Is in our Room our Wants he must supply.  
Besides all this, I'll hint another thing  
Which to my soul doth much refreshment bring ;

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He that's the Author of my Faith, I'spy,  
Will finish it himself assuredly.  
He that in me has a good Work begun,  
Will perfect it also e'er he has done.  
Within God's Saints eternal Life doth dwell,  
This would remove the Doubt, consider'd well,  
Those unto whom eternal Life is given,  
How can it be that such should miss of Heaven?  
And now to breviate 'tis my intent,  
Sir, if you please to frame one Argument.  
If the New Creature in the Souls of Men,  
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,  
The same in Nature it must surely be,  
Which cannot Death or like Mutation see,  
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,  
As *John* the Third doth make most plain appear:  
The Seed also doth in their Souls remain,  
They cannot Sin to Death, who're born again:  
God's Fear, moreover, is so in their Heart,  
That they from him shall never more depart.  
Thus is my standing very firm and sure,  
And to the end I know I shall endure.  
And as for those who fall away and dye,  
I shall discover clearly by and by.  
What kind of Men and Women they are all  
Which will hold forth the cause too of their Fall.

*Apostate.*

Most confident I do perceive you are,  
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear  
Those Persons Names which you did lastly meet,  
Who finally resolve for to retreat,  
And leave those Paths which you seem to commend,  
Come speak to this, and we Hill make an end.

*Professor.*

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear,  
As if they Cowards and faint-hearted were,  
And in them all doth reign some cursed Evil,  
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

*Apostate.*

*Apostate.*

As you suppose, but pray Youth have a Care,  
 For they sincere and sober People are,  
 And I do Question whether yea, or nay,  
 Thou dost them know, what further hast to say?

*Professor.*

I toldu yo, Sir, I knew them very well,  
 And since you urge me, I resolve to tell  
 What kind of Folk they are, and also shall  
 Their Names discover unto great and small;  
 Master Fearful was one that I see,  
 With him was goodly Sensuality;  
 With my Dame Misbelief, and Goodman Outside;  
 Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd,  
 One Unbelief, a very wicked Man,  
 Turn him out of his way there's no one can.  
 Besides them also there's one Earthly Heart,  
 Who nothing loves so well as Plow and Cart:  
 Also there's Esau Faint-heart most profane,  
 Who sells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain;  
 With Belly God, a Man whom I do find,  
 Flesh-Plots and Onions he doth chiefly mind;  
 There's Mistress Discontent too with the rest,  
 Who would have nought but what she liked best:  
 Master Hot-love, soon cold, also was there,  
 Lately for Zeal few could with him compare;  
 There's Ishmael Legal Heart, in Truth also,  
 VVhen troubles rise, he strait away doth go,  
 VVith Master Balaam, who doth Jesus leave,  
 The VVages of Unrighteousness to have:  
 Some People also I have lately met,  
 VVho were with Sin most easily beset:  
 A Gentleman I also did behold,  
 Whose Trade was great, and store he had of Gold;  
 He's going back with Sorrow I do know,  
 Because he cann't have Christ and the World too:  
 One Master Atheist, that I think's his Name,  
 As like your self, as if he were the same;

He's fallen back so far and turn'd aside,  
 That at Religion he doth much deride ;  
 He think's Religion's but a foolish thing,  
 Which doth no Comfort nor no Profit bring :  
 This is too true, you also are the Man,  
 To clear your self, deny it if you can :  
 No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,  
 In labouring thus for to deceive my Heart,  
 And blind mine Eyes, if that thou knewest how,  
 Thou'lt make me like thy self, and therefore now  
 I am resolv'd with thee for to engage,  
 Who striv'd to stop me in my Pilgrimage,  
 Some Stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,  
 Though like Goliah you do seem to look ;  
 Yet in his Name, whom you so much desie,  
 I shall prevail against you by and by.  
 I thought, I must confess, some Years ago,  
 I should not in the least be stopt by you ;  
 Or that I should have met with Opposition,  
 From such a Foe, to add to my affliction :  
 But since this is my sad unhappy Fate,  
 I'll add a Line or two to vindicate  
 The dreadful God, so far as lies in me,  
 I'll vindicate that Glorious Deity,  
 Who in my Soul his Image so has set,  
 That I his Glorious Being can't forget.  
 Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,  
 From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,  
 Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd ?  
 What Soul can such a sinful Wretch abide ?  
 Who strives at once, if that you could it do,  
 The Life of all Religion to o'erthrow.  
 Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou enter  
 On the Debate ? yet durst thou to adventure  
 To ope thy Mouth i'th' least for to defend  
 Those Thoughts of thine, which clearly do descend  
 From Hell beneath ? thou'lt prove thy self thereby  
 The Devil's Friend, Jehovali's Enemy.

*Apostate*



*Apostate.*

Thou Childish Lad, dost think I am afraid  
For to declare my self, or am dismay'd,  
By silly Dreams and Fancies which affright  
Those simple ones who dare not wake i'th' Night ;  
Who startle at a Shadow which they see,  
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree ?  
And since I do perceive you understand,  
What my Opinion is, I do demand,  
How you can prove, and fully make appear,  
There is a God ; for none at all I fear.  
No God nor Devil I at all believe,  
Nor is there any Heaven to receive  
The Souls of holy Men, when they do die ;  
Nor is there any Hell or Misery,  
For Sinners, after Death, as you Conceit  
All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

*Professor.*

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence  
Deny and tread upon ? such insolence  
What Soul can bear ! That Age can show the like !  
There so much Light hath been ? Shall Mortals  
At the great God and Glorious Deity ? (strike  
Whose dreadful Being and Existency  
The Heathen did find out, and greatly fear,  
His God-head did to them most plain appear  
By the Creation man as in a Glass,  
May there behold who his Creator was.  
'Tis time to arm thy self and look about,  
When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out :  
'Tis time to shake off sloth for to engage  
With such a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.  
If once I should unto an Atheist yield,  
And treacherously also acquit the Field,  
The strongest hold of Truth betray should I,  
Into the Hands of its worst Enemy :  
And should unman my self of Christian too,  
And my dear Soul of Reason overthrow.

I should debase my self, should I deny  
 My Noble Birth from the Great Deity,  
 Man's chiefest Glory springs from's supream Head,  
 In his Descent from him who made and bred,  
 And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,  
 From hence Man doth his chiefest Honour gain.  
 'Tis pow'r Divine that Man doth greaten thus,  
 As to create him King o'th' Universe.  
 For Man to say he came by Hap or Chance,  
 As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance;  
 Himself also he doth depose thereby,  
 From his own Honour and rare Dignity;  
 And vile Contempt upon himself doth bring,  
 As well as Dirt upon that Essence fling,  
 Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,  
 And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.  
 But to proceed, and lend my helping Hand,  
 In the Defence of sacred Truth to stand,  
 And vindicate my great Creator's Cause,  
 By Nature's Light, and also by those Laws  
 Which Supernat'ral are, and most Divine,  
 Whose Light excels, yea, and whose Glories shine.  
 You ask me how I can make it appear  
 There is a God; attend, and now give ear,  
 And weigh my Arguments and Reasons sound,  
 And let not Satan more your Soul confound,  
 And Reason quite destroy as he has done,  
 Left to the Devil you do headlong run.

*Apostate.*

Before you do proceed, this you must know,  
 If you a God do think to prove or show,  
 Be sure of this. Young Man it must not be  
 By Scripture-Proof, for its Authority  
 I do deny, and cannot it believe;  
 You never shall that way my Heart deceive;  
 The Knowledge which you Supernat'ral call,  
 Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

*Professor.*

*Professor.*

Though supernat'ral Knowledge you despise,  
And count God's Holy Word to be but Lies,  
I briefly shall stand up in its Defence,  
And shew your Pride and cursed Insolence.  
That all may love God's Word, prize it and see  
Its Worth, and Weight, and its Authority,  
To be Divine, and by Jehovah given,  
To lead poor Souls in the right Way to Heaven:  
One thing of you i'th' first Plate I demand,  
Pray let me know, and fully understand,  
When this supposed Cheat did first commence,  
And in what part o'th' World, bring Evidence,  
Egypt stands mute, saith, it commenc'd not here.  
Nor did the Jews invent it, that's as clear.  
Ask all the Heathens too, in ev'ry Age,  
If their Philosophers brought on th' Stage,  
If you can find 't out, pray bring 't to light,  
Or else confess your Darknes worse than Night.  
'Tis strange that such an universal Cheat  
Should thus be put upon the World, and yet  
No one can see who did the same devise,  
Nor how, nor when, the same at first did rise;  
Since all the World stands silent, and is mute,  
This might a Period put to the Dispute.  
But, secondly, I argue once again,  
There's none of them who do so much disdain  
The Holy Scriptures, who just Proof could bring,  
To shew i'th' least they were a forged thing:  
If none can them disprove, O then, say I,  
What ground have you the Scriptures to deny?  
The Scriptures also I observe have been  
Strangely preserv'd, by a Pow'r unseen,  
In ev'ry Age, kept both in Word and Sense,  
From secret Fraud, and open Violence.  
No wicked or malicious Men could ever  
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.

The

156 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

The beastly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,  
 Thorow whose Hands to us the Scriptures come,  
 Are guilty of most vile abomination,  
 As ever was committed in a Nation :  
 And that they may more freely do the same,  
 And lo be kept from sad Reproach and shame,  
 They say the Pope himself may change the Laws  
 Of th' Holy Gospel as himself sees Cause ;  
 And make the sense of Scriptures to agree  
 With Time and Place, as he most fit doth see.  
 How free those sacrilegious Monsters were  
 (Had God admitted) to extinguish clear  
 The sacred Scriptures, and put out their Light,  
 And fill'd the World with an eternal Night :  
 But we may see, although it made its way,  
 Thorough those muddy Channels, yet have they  
 Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law,  
 To keep most Men, save bloody Popes, in awe.  
 Now if against so many Enemies,  
 Who us'd all Means the Devil could devise  
 T' obliterate this Soul-informing Word,  
 It was preserv'd but not by Human Sword.  
 How dare you, Sir, presume for to deny  
 Its blessed and Divine Authority ?  
 Another Ground or Reason I shall urge,  
 Which prove God's Word Divine, as I do judge.  
 'Tis taken from that Influence they have  
 Upon their Hearts, whom God intends to save ;  
 It turns them to that cursed Way of Sin,  
 Which once they loved and delighted in.  
 It brings them out of Darkness into Light,  
 Yea, and discovers Jesus to their Sight.  
 Filling their Souls with inward Life and Peace,  
 And precious Joy, the which shall never cease.  
 The glorious Power which God did afford  
 Always to those who stood up for his Word,  
 Most clearly shews, methinks, to every Eye,  
 The Scripture's true, and their Authority

To



To be Divine, what ever you may say,  
I cannot give this Argument away.  
How have they been supported in the Flames ?  
Which, as it did perpetuate their Names,  
So God thereby did stir up ten for one.  
To stand up for his Word when they were gone.  
Ah ! how did they rejoyce, Sir, in the Fire ?  
Which made their very Enemies admire.  
Wouldst thou one Instance have I could give two  
And ten times twenty more, if that would do :  
But if I should, I'm sure I should transgress,  
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Press :  
And therefore I will add one Reason more,  
To prove God's Word Divine, and so give o'er.  
How has the Scripture made the Athiest quake,  
And all his Limbs with dreadful horror shake !  
When on a Death-bed they have come to lie,  
Their Conscience waking in their Face did fly ;  
Though in their Health they did it much despise,  
And did affirm it was made up with Lies :  
Yet has it made them howl at last and cry,  
We are undone to all Eternity.  
'Twas like unto the Writing on the Wall,  
Which did foretel Profane Belshazzar's Fall ;  
Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,  
It wrought among them a most sudden Change.  
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,  
And the proud King does earnestly desire,  
To hear it Read, nought then did serve the turn  
But an Interpreter ; his Heart did burn,  
His trembling Knees smote one against another,  
As if his Joints were loosed from each other.  
Thus those who won't confess Jehovah's Name,  
Are forc'd to own Him, to their utter shame.  
And those who will not of God's Word allow,  
Are forc'd by Conscience under it to bow.  
Now, if the Scripture cannot be gain-said,  
Methinks each Soul should be exceeding fraid,  
How

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How they condemn that glorious Deity,  
Whom they so clearly shew and magnify,  
But to leave this a little to descend  
To man's own Reason, which you so commend ;  
How many Heathens did alone thereby  
Find out dear (Sir) God's Glorious Majesty ?  
If you your Reason did but exercise,  
From Atheism doubtless you might rise,  
And hate also this soul destroying Evil,  
Thus siding with, and yielding to the Devil :

*Apostate.*

Among the Heathens (Youth) were men of fame,  
Who for their Skill in Nature had the Name  
Above all others which did quite deny  
There was a God or such a Deity.

*Professor.*

Your Epicurus, and Old Aristotle,  
With Theodorus, Bion and the Rabble,  
Of such like Atheists, I must grant to you,  
Deny'd there was a God, as Stories shew,  
Philosophy is good, but men abuse it,  
When they, like those old heathen Authors use it.  
God doth sometimes men's reason darken quite,  
For not improving the means of Light ;  
But tho' these natural sorts could not espy,  
By all their skill the Eternal Deity ;  
Yet many thousand Heathens I must show,  
By Nature's Light alone did come to know  
There was a God ; they searched so about  
Into God's works, they found his God-head out.  
For when they gave themselves up seriously  
To study Nature's Book and come to pry  
Into the Cause of all things here on Earth,  
And their Effects did clearly see the Birth,  
Or first Original of every thing,  
From such an Essence to descend or spring,  
The very Novices in Nature's School,  
May soon convince that Man to be a Fool,

Who

Whoby the Creature's Glory can't discern.  
 The Being of that dreadful sovereign,  
 Who did them form and make, for every where,  
 His glorious God-head they do all declare.  
 Had I but time I could some Pages fill,  
 To shew to you, how that Man's Reason will  
 Teach him there is a God, for for if he mind  
 The Nature of his Soul this he might find.  
 Man's Soul is like to spring, or like to fire,  
 It resteth not aloft, but doth aspire ;  
 And unto Noah's Dove I'll it compare,  
 God is the Ark, Soul's Rest alone is there.  
 The flesh damns up the Spring, quenches desire,  
 Keeps of th' Ark to which it would retire.  
 But to conclude this, no man can disown,  
 God by his Judgments daily is made known.  
 What sad Examples daily do we hear,  
 Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where  
 Some Drunkards and Blasphemers struck downde  
 And others with strange Judgments tortured.  
 If this will not convince you of your error,  
 I fear you will e're long fall under terror :  
 For if you will not now fair warning take,  
 God may of you a sad Example make,  
 Your state, alas, above all Men is sad,  
 Because of God you once such knowledge had ;  
 O Sir, consider this your woful state ;  
 And cry to God, if peradventure he  
 May give you Grace, whereby your Soul may be  
 Your hainous Sin, that so you may repent  
 And turn to God before your Days are spent.

*Apostate.*

I must confess, I know not what to say  
 If there's a God, then cursed be the Day  
 That ever I was born, for I do know,  
 He never unto me will Mercy show :  
 I now resolve to open my Condition,  
 Tho' all's in vain ; for there is no contrition.

WIL

Will do me good, I utterly am lost,  
 For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:  
 I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains  
 Nothing for me but everlasting Pains.  
 O that there was no God! for then should I,  
 Be like the Beast when e'er I come to die.  
 For Love o'th' World, and for my present Ease,  
 I am become like to the trouled Seas.  
 No Rest nor Comfort ever shall I find,  
 Curs'd be the Day that ever I declin'd  
 From these good ways in which, dear Youth, you  
 Or ever I did God or Jesus know: go  
 For if I had not known them it is clear,  
 My Sin would not so hainous now appear:  
 O that I were in Hell! for then should I  
 Soon see the worst of my Extremity,  
 Thou shalt, dear Youth, for ever happy be,  
 Or thou art chosen, from Eternity,  
 To be an Heir of that eternal Bliss;  
 But I, alas, am pain'd, what Woe is this?  
 The Devil with his glitt'ring Golden Ball,  
 Hath me deceiv'd; and now I see my Fall  
 To be so bad, no Tongue can it express,  
 My woful pain is yet Remediless.  
 The Checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,  
 And loved Darknels, greatly hated Light:  
 Yea, and of God I never lov'd to hear,  
 Though I of him had Hints oft-times most clear;  
 And now will he my Soul to pieces tear,  
 And make me his eternal Vengeance bear.  
 Let all Backsliders of me warning take,  
 Before they fall into the Stygian Lake;  
 Yea, and return and make with God their Peace,  
 Before the Days of Grace and Mercy cease;  
 For mine are past for ever, Oh! condole  
 My sad Estate, and miserable Soul.  
 My Days will quickly End, and I must lie  
 Broiling in Flames to all Eternity.





